

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 559.—Vol. XXII.

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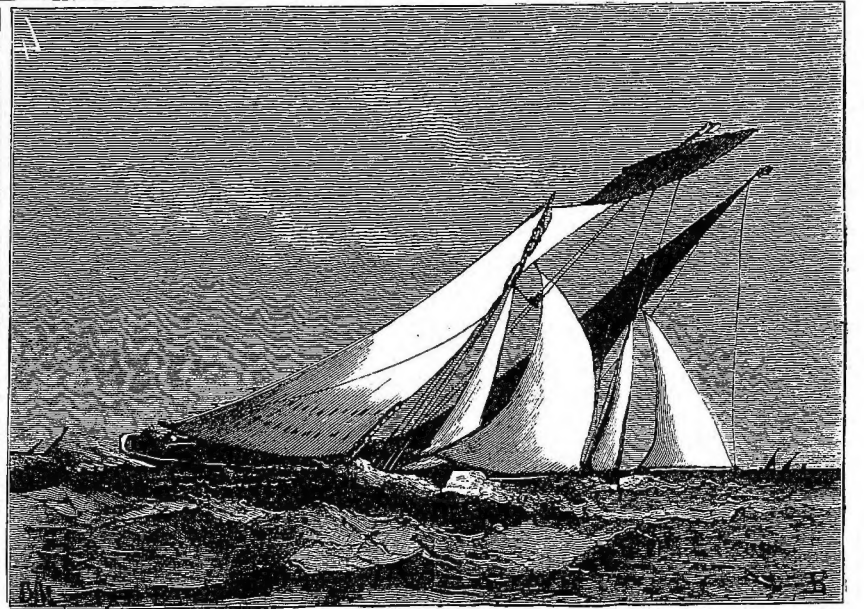
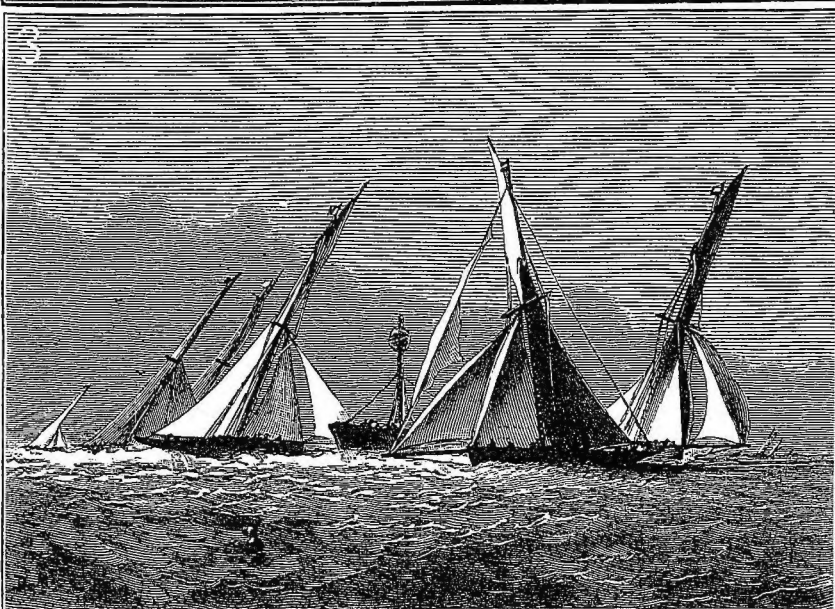
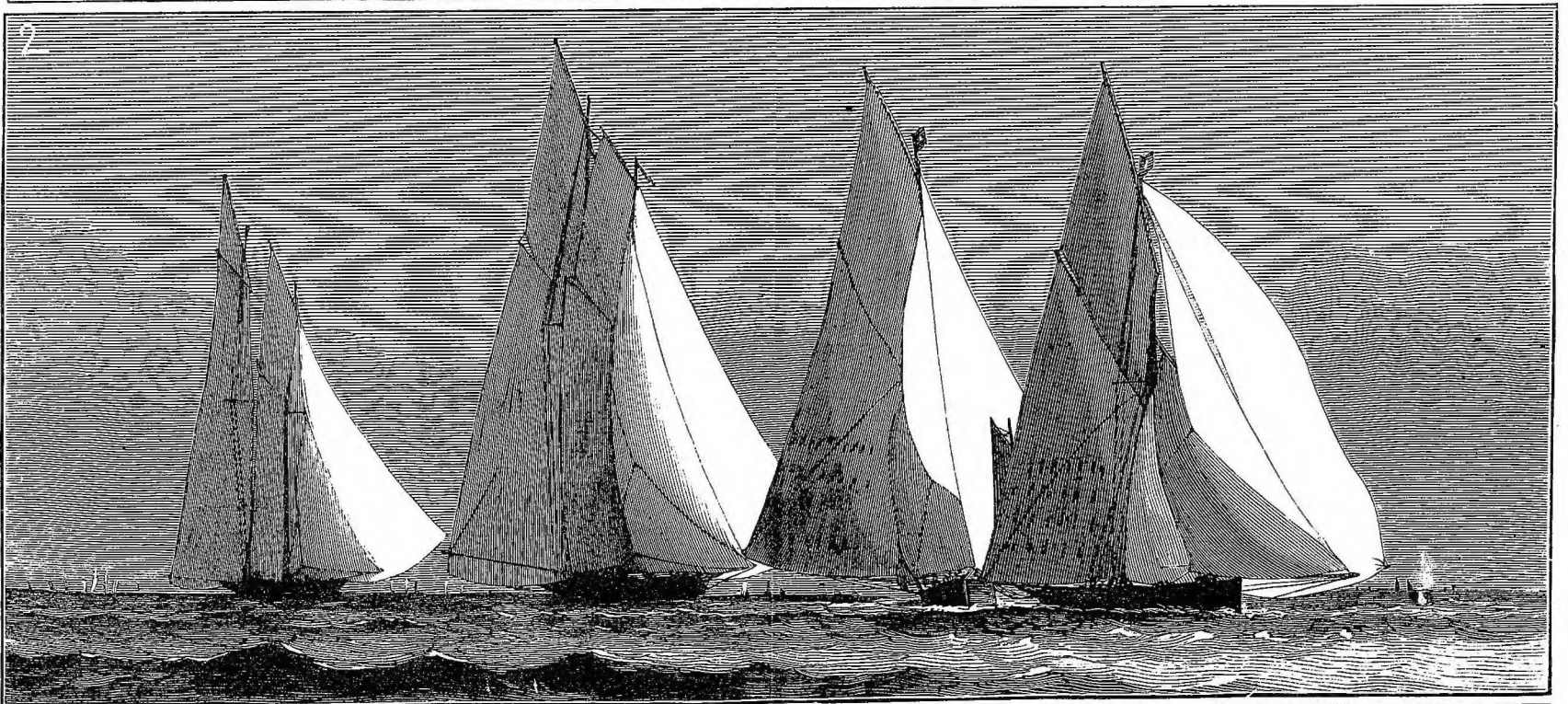
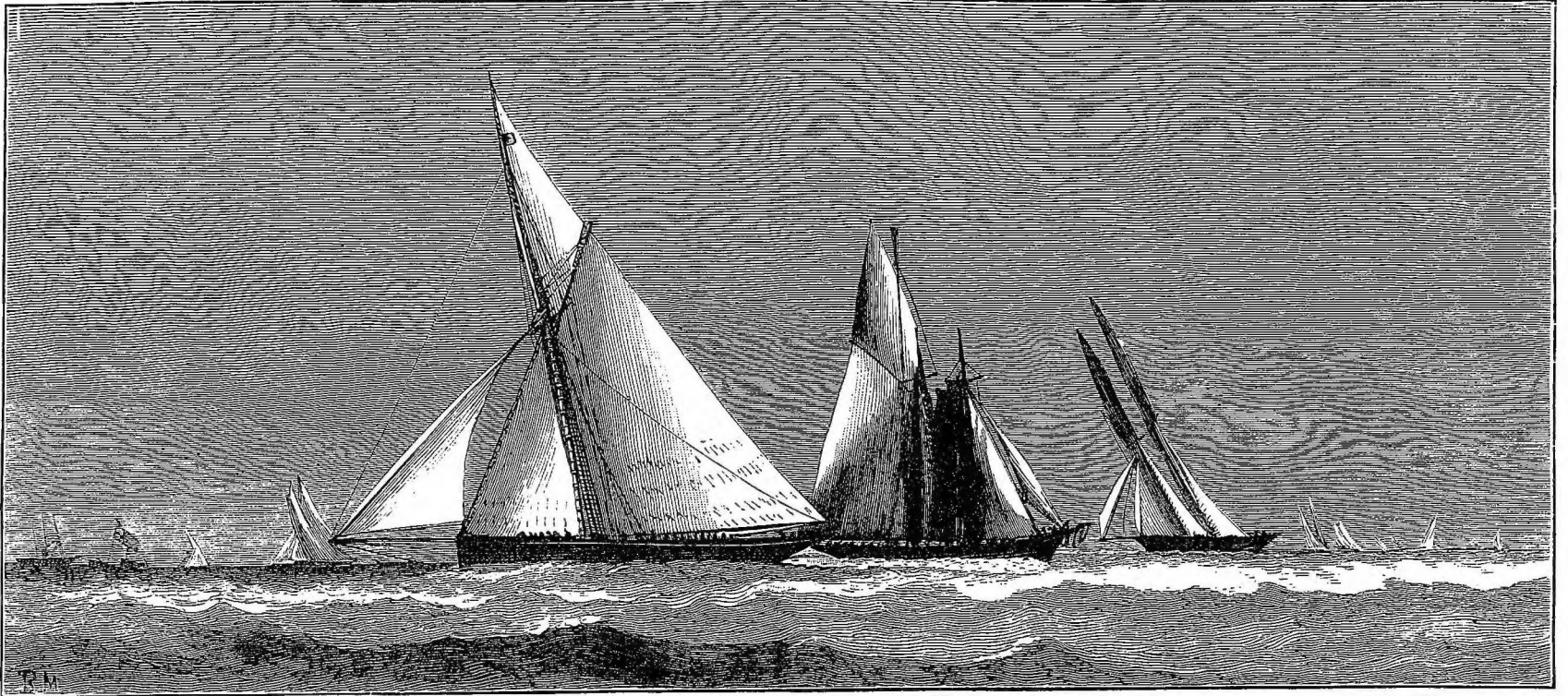
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 559.—VOL. XXII.  
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880

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YACHTING AT COWES AND SOUTHAMPTON



## Topics of the Week

**MINISTERIAL PERSEVERANCE.**—The Marquis of Hartington astonished a good many members of the House of Commons by stating the other evening that the Government did not intend to abandon any of their more important measures. This was naturally displeasing to the Opposition, and even to some Liberals who do not very ardently admire the legislation proposed by the Cabinet. From the point of view of Ministers themselves, however, their decision was perfectly natural, and it has been generally approved by the public. The intention of the country in returning a large Liberal majority was unquestionably that a great deal of hard work should be done by the new Parliament. Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry were so much occupied with foreign complications that they had little time or inclination for home matters, and it was fully expected by the constituencies that their successors would be more diligent. If the first session came to an end without solid results, the Liberal party would be intensely disappointed; and the position of its leaders would (to say the least) be slightly ridiculous. Lord Hartington's announcement, therefore, was only what might have been expected; and the chances are that it will be justified by the event. The work of Parliament proceeds slowly, mainly because so many members who have nothing to say delight in saying it at inordinate length. If they know that useless oratory will only have the result of keeping them from the moors, they may be inclined to reserve it for a more convenient season.

**PARLIAMENT AND THE GROUSE.**—This will probably be an *annus mirabilis* as far as the sitting of Parliament very late into August, or more probably into September, is concerned. The great Grouse Festival on Thursday last for once in a way seems to have had no influence on the Ministry in inducing them to withdraw measures in order that grouse-shooting members might make their way northwards on murderous thoughts against the *Tetraonidae* intent. Of course the intervention of the General Election, and the necessity laid upon the present Ministry not only to promise but to do something substantial before the close of the Session, have conduced to bringing about the present state of affairs, but there is no doubt also that the Radical element in this Parliament has had a great influence in practically ignoring the advent of the 12th of August. Radicals as a rule are not ardent followers of any kind of field sport, though, of course, there are exceptions, like Mr. John Bright, who is one of the most enthusiastic salmon anglers in the three kingdoms, and strongly advocates the protection of his favourite fish, while he is averse to a similar protection being accorded to the furred and feathered objects of the sportsman's pursuit. Certain it is that the present House of Commons numbers far fewer sportsmen of all kinds than did the last; and if, as it has been said, the best sportsmen are the best patriots, we may almost begin to despair of our country as far as the constitution of the lower branch of the Legislature is concerned. What is now in the mind of some "advanced" M.P.'s, as they see opposite them disappointed grouse-shooters, and support with evident gusto the Hares and Rabbits Bill, is not for us to say; but it seems that the House of Commons is not inclined at the present juncture to be very tender-hearted towards sport and sportsmen.

**DOMINEERING MINISTERS.**—On Tuesday evening Mr. Bright delivered a speech on the Hares and Rabbits Bill which deserves attention not so much because of its argument as because of its general tone. Mr. Bright appeared to be astonished that any considerable proportion of the House of Commons should resist a measure proposed by the Government; and he severely lectured Mr. Chaplin, to whose views he was nominally replying. There has been far too much of this spirit during the present Session. Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly warned Parliament that if his particular mode of solving questions were not adopted terrible consequences would follow; and even Mr. Forster, who is generally of a mild disposition, has sometimes ventured to scold his opponents. The threat most commonly used is that obstinate Members will be visited with the wrath of the country, or some particular section of the country. Now, what is the precise worth of this threat? That no attention whatever should be paid to popular opinion would not be said by any responsible politician. In regard to every great question a time comes when it is not only expedient but necessary for Parliament to submit to the current of the national sentiment. But when there is still a genuine division of opinion it is surely premature to assert that Parliament is bound to accept the solution laid before it by the Government of the day. That is simply to say that the representatives of the people should absolutely resign their independence. It is the business of Parliament to enlighten and guide the nation, and it cannot exercise this function unless it is permitted to deliberate without incessant reference to the immediate effects of its decisions.

**CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.**—This grand charity, familiarly called the "Bluecoat School," and whose *alumni* after they have passed through it glory in the name of "Old Blues," is about the best known of the many scholastic institutions of

the kingdom; and though perhaps for some generations the boys it has received have generally been, as regards social status, above the class of those for whom it was originally intended, it has done and is doing a good work. However, it has been long felt that its arrangements have required some modification, if not actual reform, and that the time had come when its removal from the centre of London would in many respects be most advantageous for all concerned. It now seems likely that these objects will be carried out in accordance with a new scheme recently prepared for that purpose by the Charity Commissioners. By this the "Council of Almoners" are empowered within three years to acquire a suitable site for the erection of buildings to accommodate 1,000 boys as boarders; and this site is to be "within a convenient distance from the City of London." That the removal of this famous school into a suburban or more rural district will meet with general approbation may be taken for granted, for when it is remembered that it draws its pupils from all parts of the kingdom, there is hardly an argument to be advanced in favour of its retention in a densely-populated quarter of the metropolis. The case is different with respect to other public schools in London, such as Merchant Taylors' School, the City of London, and St. Paul's Schools, which are rightly maintained in the metropolis for the benefit of those who live in or near it. Charterhouse has already migrated into the country, and a strong opposition should be made to any other public schools, with the exception of Christ's Hospital, following its example, at least till some distant time, when metropolitan and suburban life may have assumed an entirely new phase.

**THE IMPERIAL INTERVIEW.**—The meeting of the Austrian and German Emperors has not received much attention in this country, but in Germany and Austria it has been made the subject of a vast amount of discussion. And its importance has probably not been overrated. Nobody, indeed, pretends that it will mark "a new departure," but it is significant because of the light it casts on the relations of the two Empires. If their friendship had been in any way impaired, the Emperors would not have thought it worth while to arrange an interview; they would rather have gone out of their way to avoid it. There is a tendency among English Liberals to pooh-pooh the Austro-German alliance as a mere makeshift, but it is not regarded in this way by the most serious Continental politicians. At one time Germany was apparently inclined to associate herself with Russia rather than with Austria; and it is probable that if Prince Gortschakoff had acted prudently he would have secured the permanent good-will of Prince Bismarck. He showed his hand, however, a little too freely. He indicated that he himself and the majority of his countrymen are bitterly jealous of Germany, and would, if they could, gladly come to an understanding with France. It is, therefore, of vital importance to Germany to be on her guard against both Russia and France; and in no way can the end be achieved so well as by such an alliance as that which Prince Bismarck is believed to have formally concluded last autumn. Austria on her side gains from the alliance advantages which are quite as solid; so that there is no reason to anticipate a change of policy on the part of either Power, while the existing situation of Europe lasts. Englishmen ought to see with pleasure the growing friendliness of the Central European States, which have the power, if they please, to maintain peace in the East without being hostile to the legitimate aspirations of "the young nationalities".

**RIVER STEAMBOATS.**—There is no class of fatal accidents more painful than those which happen to persons who are out for a day's holiday, or taking a short journey by land or water, bent on innocent recreation. We do not pretend that there is anything deep or sage about this remark, but we make it in reference to several lamentable catastrophes which have recently happened on board below-bridge Thames steamboats, and they are only samples of what constantly occur year after year on other waters, especially during the holiday season. One of these recent fatal accidents happened to a little girl on a Sheerness steamboat, who went to the side of the vessel to look at the water dashing from the paddles, and, overbalancing herself, fell overboard, and was drowned before she could be rescued. Another happened in the case of a little boy, who, it is stated, fell through an opening in the bulwarks of a steamboat, and was not missed till too late for a boat to be lowered in the hope of saving him. A third fatal accident, which occurred some time since, was the case of a man who was lying on the paddle-box, presumably in a somnolent state, and rolled off into the water. Now in this instance the man himself was to blame in placing himself in a dangerous position, and that contrary to the rules on most steamboats that no passengers are allowed on the paddle-boxes—a rule, by the way, which the officers of a vessel are often slack in insisting upon being observed; and, therefore, when an accident such as that just mentioned occurs, they are to a great extent to blame. In the children's cases, and similar ones, we take it that the blame rests with the owners of the vessels in not having the bulwarks so constructed that such accidents should be impossible except under very extraordinary circumstances. They well know that children often form the great bulk of their passengers in holiday seasons, and therefore no safeguard should be omitted for their protection. If apertures exist in bulwarks, or the bulwarks themselves are unusually low, or in any way so constructed as not fairly to guard against the vagaries or

ignorance of children, owners of steamboats are, morally at least, answerable for accidents which may occur.

**THE PRESIDENTS AT CHERBOURG.**—The visit of M. Grévy and the Presidents of the Chambers to Cherbourg is likely to be followed by excellent results. It has attracted the attention of the whole country, and even the most bitter reactionary newspapers have been forced to confess that the reception accorded to the official representatives of the Republic has been thoroughly cordial. M. Grévy has hitherto studiously avoided anything like ceremony, acting as if it were best for the selected head of a State to be rarely heard of. It is impossible not to admire this conduct, so far as he himself is concerned; but it may be questioned whether, on public grounds, it is expedient. The French have always looked for a certain amount of display in their rulers, and if they do not find it they are apt to be misled. The late Emperor saw this, and took care to keep himself constantly before the nation; and the splendour of his Court was undoubtedly one of the secrets of his temporary popularity. M. Gambetta is understood to be favourable to a partial return to this element of his system; and if M. Grévy's observations at Cherbourg and on the way thither bring him over to the same way of thinking, the Republic will be all the more likely to please "the masses." Another good incident of the journey is that M. Gambetta has had an opportunity of refuting the malicious charge that he is jealous of M. Grévy, and that he "aspires to a dictatorship." His references to his chief and to his own position were in perfect taste, and afford one more proof that his possession of great power is justified by his qualities as a popular leader.

**THE UPPER THAMES.**—Whatever be the result of the inquest in reference to the recent fatal accident near Shepperton, it may be taken for granted that no time will be lost in further "regulating" steam launches in the non-tidal portion of the Thames. But this is not the only matter which the Conservancy is bound to look to, for the comfort of thousands who have long regarded the Upper Thames as one of the most popular of our national recreation grounds. There is, for instance, the bathing nuisance to be abated, for it has become intolerable that ladies should be subjected to the sight of naked men on the tow-path at almost all hours of the day. Another nuisance is the shooting nuisance, men and boys making the river above Teddington a kind of practice ground with guns and pistols. Frequenters of the river, whose name is legion, boating and picnic parties, solitary punters, and quiet anglers, are constantly annoyed with this firing, and, indeed, kept in great alarm when, owing to the bends and backwaters of the river, the operators with firearms are often invisible. Moreover, this shooting is highly objectionable on the ground that there is a continual destruction going on of the birds which frequent the river. Just now the moorhen-shooting season has commenced, according to custom, and the stock of these interesting birds is being reduced to a very low ebb. As for the dabchicks, they have well-nigh disappeared altogether, and the brilliant kingfishers, which anglers and others in former days delighted to watch swooping down from a bough to catch their finny prey, have become almost unknown birds, and are even more scarce than veritable Thames trout. Thus the fauna of the beautiful river are nearly exterminated by the ruthless pothunters. Perhaps it would be well to ascertain how the law stands in this matter. No one is allowed to fire a gun on the "Queen's highway," nor indeed, strictly speaking, within 150 yards of it. Now the Thames is a Queen's highway, though a silent one, and the towpath is a public road. Let the Thames Conservancy look to these matters. There are plenty of abuses which need reform within their jurisdiction.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE FINE ART SUPPLEMENT, consisting of the following pictures from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy: "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME," by CHARLES GREEN (double-page engraving), "I'M GOING A-MILKING," by EDWARD H. FAHEY, and "REFLECTIONS," by EMILY MARY OSBORN.—The Half Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 164 and 173.

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## NEW SPA SALOON AT SCARBOROUGH

ONE of the chief attractions of the fashionable resort, Scarborough, is the spring of medicinal water, which was first discovered in 1620 by a lady resident, named Farrer, and soon acquired a wonderful reputation, though it was not until seventy years later that a cistern was provided for the water, and a wooden house built for the accommodation of visitors. This structure was destroyed by a violent storm in 1836, and a stone building erected soon afterwards and enlarged in 1858, was burnt down in 1876. The Cliff Bridge Company, to whom the property belongs, have now placed upon the site a magnificent set of buildings, comprising a grand hall, a theatre, and refreshment rooms, and a new foot-bridge from the North to the South Cliff, running parallel with the Cliff Bridge Company's roadway over the valley. The inauguration of the establishment, the erection of which has cost 60,000l., took place last week, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, with the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the Lord Mayor of York, and a number of provincial Mayors, attending the ceremony in State. The festivities began on Monday, when the civic dignitaries, accompanied by the local Volunteer Regiments and a number of Friendly Societies, passed in procession through the town. On arriving at the grounds, the Mayor of Scarborough formally declared the new Toll Bridge open, and the Lord Mayor of London did the like by the new Spa Buildings, and each gentleman was presented with an elegant silver-gilt key, designed and made by Messrs. Bright and Son, of Scarborough. After inspecting the building and grounds, the procession returned by another route to the town, and in the evening a banquet was given in the Grand Hall. During the day a variety of entertainments were given, winding up with illuminations and a pyrotechnic display, a notable feature of which was a mimic sea-fight, in which a number of boats, decorated with Chinese lanterns, bombarded each other with balls of variously coloured fire. On the Tuesday the Mayor of Scarborough gave a banquet at the Royal Hotel, and a ball was held in the Grand Hall of the Spa; and on the Wednesday evening, Handel's oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus* was performed in the Grand Hall. The Spa Building, which was designed by Messrs. Verity and Hunt, of London, comprises a Grand Hall, capable of seating 3,000 persons. Above and around this is a roomy promenade. The orchestra will accommodate 300 performers; there is a bijou theatre, 100 feet by 60; and there are besides a number of billiard, reading, and reception rooms. The total length of the building is 242 feet, and the central block runs to a height of 75 feet.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. John Dinsdale, of Darlington.

## THE DUTCH ARMY'S WEDDING PRESENT TO THE KING AND THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS

THE wedding present offered by the Dutch Army to the King and Queen of the Netherlands is of especial interest, not only owing to the fact that it was designed by an officer, Major Rysberti Hodenpyl, of the Royal Engineers, but that it was also mainly constructed by the various departments of the army. The present is in the form of a monument. A statue of a Carolingian Prince represents the dynasty of Orange guarding the map of the Netherlands and the national colours. The figure is standing on four Roman columns, representing the army and its different arms, while the system of fortifications is symbolised by four bastions, bearing the names of the four principal fortresses of the country, and a central redoubt, Amsterdam. This is placed on a chest carved from oak of historical value by the troops of the Royal Engineers, and provided with hinges and a lock constructed by the Artillery. The whole is supported by four lions' claws cast at the military gun foundry from the bronze of guns captured in the Atchin War, so the military present thus rests on the trophies obtained by the army in the East Indies during the reign of the present King. Inside the chest is a Roman desk of lime and elmwood, incrustured with ornaments of brass modelled and made by the Torpedists. On this desk lies a wooden portfolio, ornamented with wood carvings by a blind officer. This portfolio contains the presentation document, a masterpiece of calligraphy, prepared by the Director of the Topographical Department. The marble of the four columns is taken from the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, the bastions and redoubt are composed of freestone of historical value, and the inscriptions are on marble slabs from Sumatra.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S ILLNESS

THE favourable anticipations respecting the condition of the Prime Minister have happily been realised, and Mr. Gladstone may now be said to be perfectly convalescent, although of course rest and quiet are necessary for his complete restoration to health. Up to the time of his leaving London for Windsor on Monday there was a constant stream of anxious inquirers at his official residence in Downing Street, and as soon as it became known that he was mending, numerous presents of grapes and other fruit began to arrive. On Monday morning Dr. Clark issued his last bulletin, which was to the effect that his illustrious patient "continues to make favourable progress;" and in the afternoon Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by his wife, left Downing Street on a visit to the Dean of Windsor, who is a very old friend of his, the two having been at Eton and Oxford together. The departure from town was kept secret, and there was no demonstration either at Paddington or Windsor. On Tuesday Mr. Gladstone was well enough to attend the morning service at St. George's Chapel, and afterwards went for a drive. He was to remain at Windsor until Friday (yesterday), when he would return to Downing Street; and to-day he goes to Holmby, in Sussex, on a visit to the Hon. E. F. Leveson-Gower, M.P., with whom he will probably stay some time; change of scene and absolute cessation from business being now thought to be the only things needful to ensure his complete recovery.—Our engraving represents the scene in front of Mr. Gladstone's house in Downing Street during his illness, and the windows immediately over the door are those of the apartment in which he lay.

## THE "ATALANTA" FÊTE

THIS fete was organised in aid of the fund for relieving the widows and relatives of those seamen lost in H.M.S. *Atalanta*, and was held at Kensington House. The building and grounds were tastefully decorated for the occasion, a prominent feature being an

unlimited display of bunting of all nations, hung in true ship-shape manner by a party of Blue Jackets who had come up from Portsmouth in order to act as a guard of honour to the various Royal visitors who were expected. There was plenty of entertainment provided, including the Hungarian musicians, the band of the Royal Marine Artillery, and a grand amateur concert, while the male visitor could not walk far in the grounds without being greeted by some fair maiden and urged to purchase a flower for his button-hole, a plum to refresh himself, or a cup of coffee to assuage his thirst. Then there was a lottery-wheel, presided over by Lady Borthwick, where there were "all prizes and no blanks;" while ladies whose names are foremost in fashionable circles sold flowers and bonbons at numerous stalls, or, taking the part of amateur barmaids, busily dispensed ices and champagne to an eager clientele at fancy prices. The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in the course of the afternoon, and the Princess at once took her place at a "Great Combination Bonbon and Flower Stall," and sold flowers at a rapid rate, while the Prince went a tour of the grounds, and laid out money with the fair stall-holders. The foregoing remarks sufficiently explain our first two sketches. In No. 3 is represented the distribution at the end of the fete of the remaining baskets of flowers, fruit, &c., to the Blue Jackets who had worked so hard to aid its success, while No. 4 is the stall presided over by Princess Christian. No. 6 is a sketch of Sir Julius Benedict and his young wife. No. 7 is Miss Brassey, dressed in white, with white sailor's cap and red ribbons, with *Sunbeam* in gold letters round it, and red stockings, selling flowers on the lawn. In No. 8 the Prince of Wales, who patronised most of the stalls, is depicted at the refreshment bar, where he remained some time conversing with Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mrs. Plowden, Lady Garvagh, &c. No. 9 shows a tent in the grounds, which attracted much attention, the table, chairs, &c., being draped in deep red and amber. In the centre, in a gorgeous costume of dead gold satin and plush, trimmed with poppies and dead leaves, and a wreath of dead leaves round her head, sat Mrs. Langtry. On one side of her was Lady Lonsdale in a beautiful costume of delicately-figured bronze, and on the other Lady Augusta Fane in a dress equally effective. Flowers, fruit, and bonbons were to be purchased at fancy prices there, while the boats and gondolas on the lake were also let at this tent. All the stall holders and members of Committee wore red favours on their right breast. No. 10 shows the paddle-boats on the lake, which were worked by two sailors seated in the stern; while No. 12 represents the Princess of Wales and her daughter Princess Victoria, who stood some little time on the terrace watching the gay scene in the grounds. The Princess wore a dress of peacock blue foulard, with pale gold spots, cream lace trimming, and bonnet trimmed with same to match—her daughter was in white, red sash, and red stockings. Towards the end of the fete Mrs. Langtry distributed cigars to the men composing the guard of honour, as depicted in No. 13, while throughout the afternoon the summer-houses, boat-house, and numerous flirtation tents were much patronised by couples who sought comparative seclusion for private reasons of their own.

## ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT SHOEBOURNESS

THE annual Volunteer Meeting at Shoeburyness has always been distinguished from that at Wimbledon as being conducted in a more thorough-going business fashion, the time of the officers and men when not engaged at the batteries being fully occupied in mounting guard, posting sentries, gun and mortar drill with weapons of various calibre, besides "repository exercises," commencing with elementary instruction, mounting and dismounting ordnance, heavy gun, light gun, sling waggon, sling cart, and other matters. The camp is one of instruction, carried out with the same regard to the rules and regulations of the service as it would be for regular troops. Day by day, from "Reveille" at five A.M. to "Retreat" at sunset, the work goes steadily on with strict military regularity. The volunteers who attend, and who come from all parts of the country, are divided into two divisions, the first of which, consisting of seventy-nine detachments, occupy the camp during the first week, and then give way to the second division, which this year consists of eighty-nine detachments. The work of the first week came to an end on Friday last, with the inspection and march-past of the men before Colonel Keate, R.A., the Camp Commandant, and Colonel Hastings, R.A., the Commandant of the Station, who delivered an address complimenting them on the zeal and determination with which they had performed their duties, and their fine soldier-like appearance on parade, singling out the 4th East York and the 3rd Middlesex for honourable mention—the first-mentioned for "good time," and the last for particularly good drill. The shooting has been good, better than that of last year; and the Queen's Prize of nine silver cups and the badges of the National Artillery Association for the highest aggregate score during the meeting at Shoeburyness, were won by the 9th detachment of the 2nd Durham Corps (Seaham Harbour).

The proceedings were concluded yesterday (Friday), when there was a review of the Second Division, the prizes being distributed by the Marquis of Londonderry. On Tuesday last week a serious accident happened while the 3rd Middlesex were at "gun" drill. The "gun," which is a contrivance for raising guns or other heavy weights, consists of three heavy iron poles, forming a sort of tripod, upon which the gun is raised by means of a windlass and tackle. Owing, it is said, to the slipperiness of the grass, the "gun" suddenly collapsed, and one of the poles fell heavily upon Corporal Hare, breaking one of his ribs and injuring his lungs. He was taken to the camp hospital, and in spite of his injuries is said to be speedily recovering. There is to be an official inquiry into the matter; but the brave fellow, as soon as taken up, and while yet unable to speak, scribbled on a piece of paper that the Artillery Instructor who was drilling him was in no way to blame.

## OUR FINE-ART SUPPLEMENT

HISTORY repeats itself, and the scene depicted in Mr. Charles Green's carefully painted picture is one which has been witnessed for many a year at Southampton or Portsmouth. Nowadays, however, as a rule, wars are rather a question of months than of years, and a trip to India, to Ashantee, or the Cape, in a comfortably fitted-up troop ship, is not the terrible undertaking that it was wont to be regarded in years gone by. Then, again, steam and machinery have so bridged all distances that the "Girls we leave behind us" do not appear to be so interminably far away, when our letters reach them in at most a month's time, while they can follow the regiment's movements throughout, thanks to the telegraph and special correspondents. Far different was it in the days of the Peninsular War, which period the artist has depicted, as may be seen by the uniforms of the men. The young girl so pathetically clinging to the soldier feels that she may not hear from him or of him possibly for years. Surely the advancing civilisation of the last half century has done much to assuage such griefs as these.

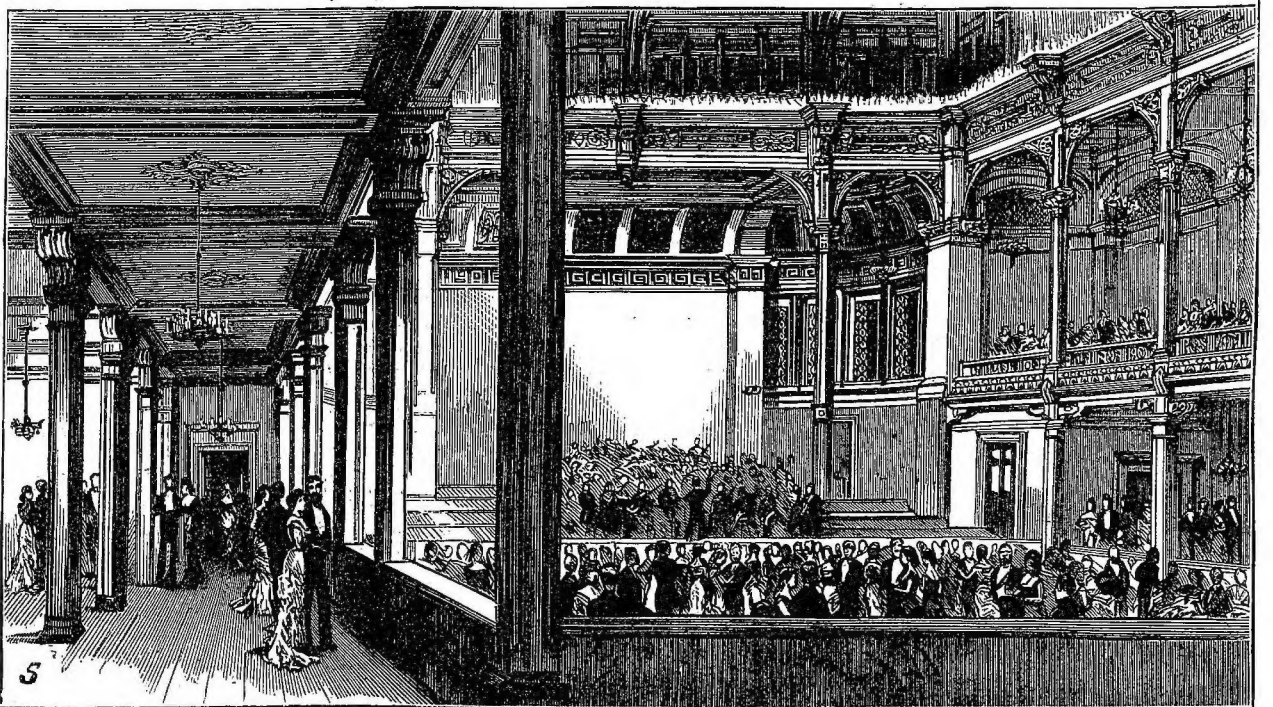
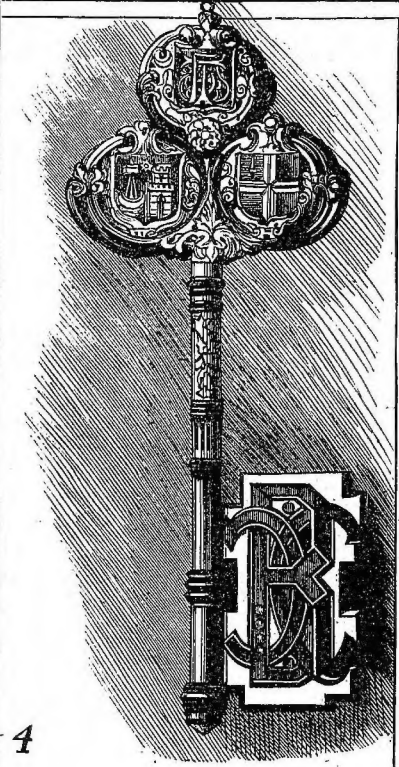
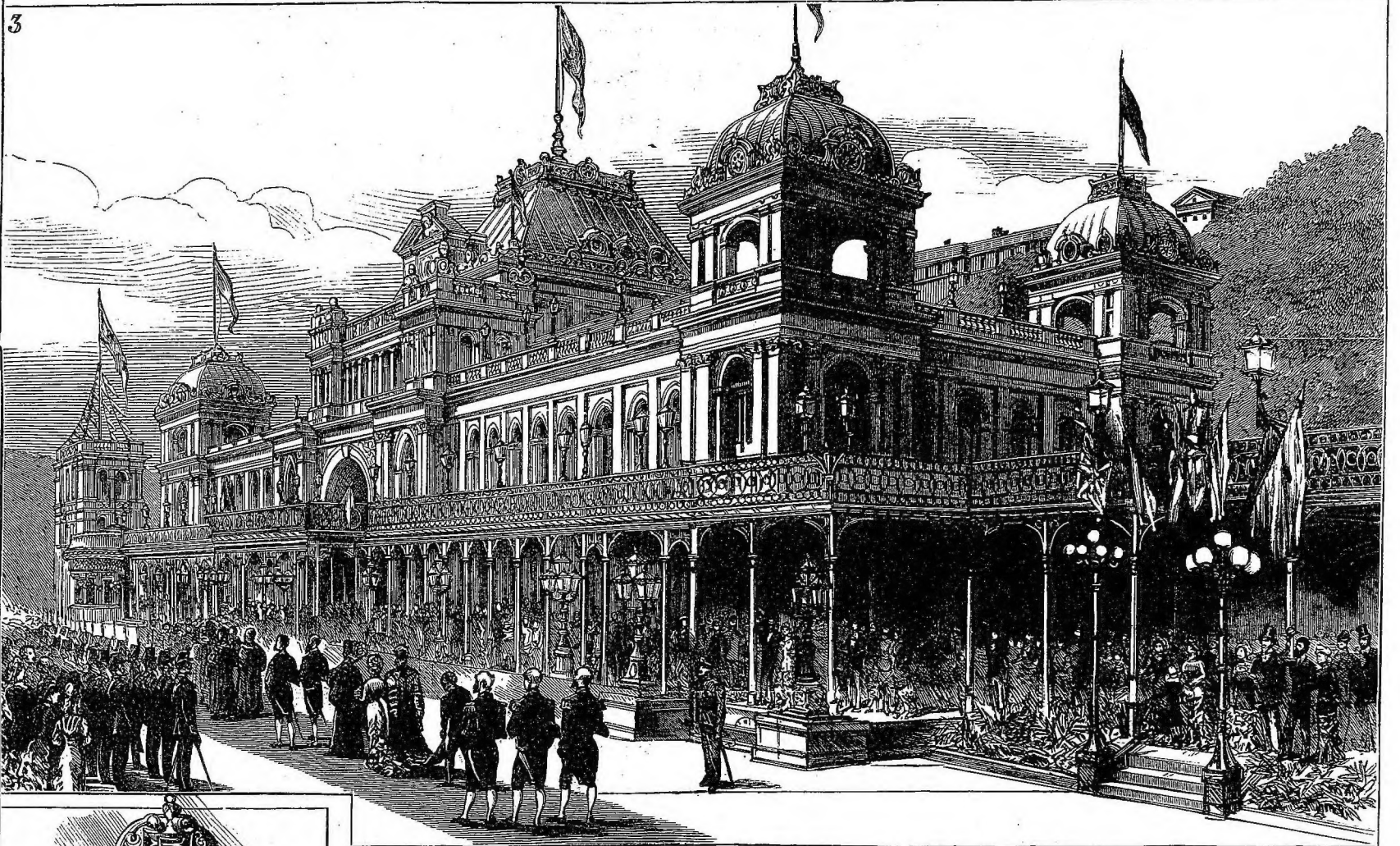
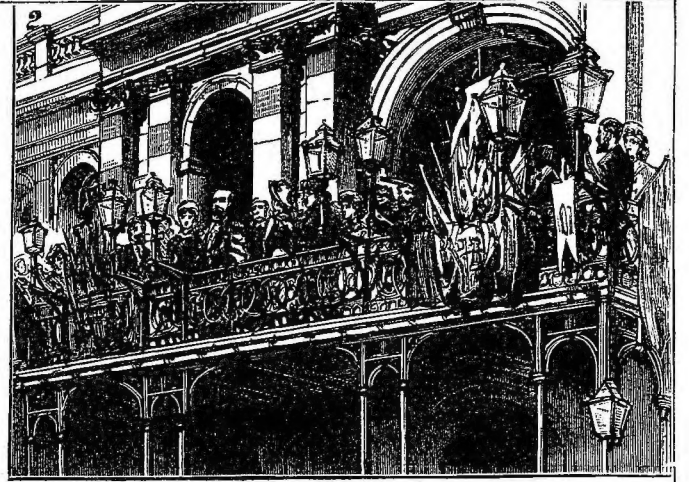
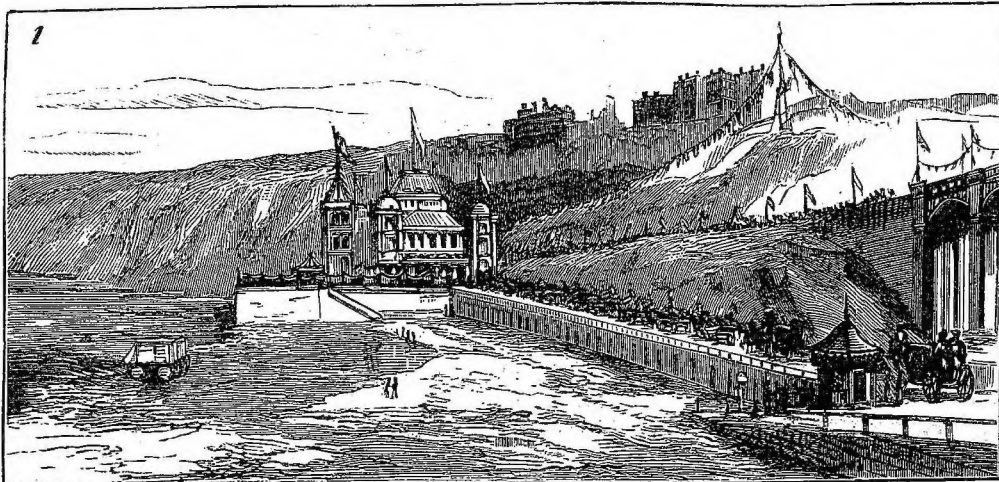
To turn from war to peace, Mr. Edward H. Fahey has given us a charming rural idyl in "I'm Going a-Milking," not only in the milkmaid, whose face—and a very pretty one it is—we presume is her only fortune, but in the landscape, which is thoroughly English in all its characteristics. The picture is freshly and harmoniously painted throughout, and it is manifest that the artist is an enthusiastic lover of country life.

A far different damsel is represented in Miss Osborn's "Reflections," where—to judge from the couplet beneath—a lady reclining in her boudoir is indulging in reminiscences of a somewhat painful nature. The graceful lounging figure, the handsome and carefully-studied costume, the luxury shown in the surroundings,—all

## YACHTING AT COWES AND SOUTHAMPTON

THE Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta is always one of the most fashionable events of the season, and this year was no exception to the rule; the town of Cowes being thronged with ladies and gentlemen aquatically inclined, and the Roads being crowded with beautiful specimens of the yacht-builder's skill, the number of steam yachts being larger than ever. The most noticeable features in the week's racing were the success of the Prince of Wales's cutter

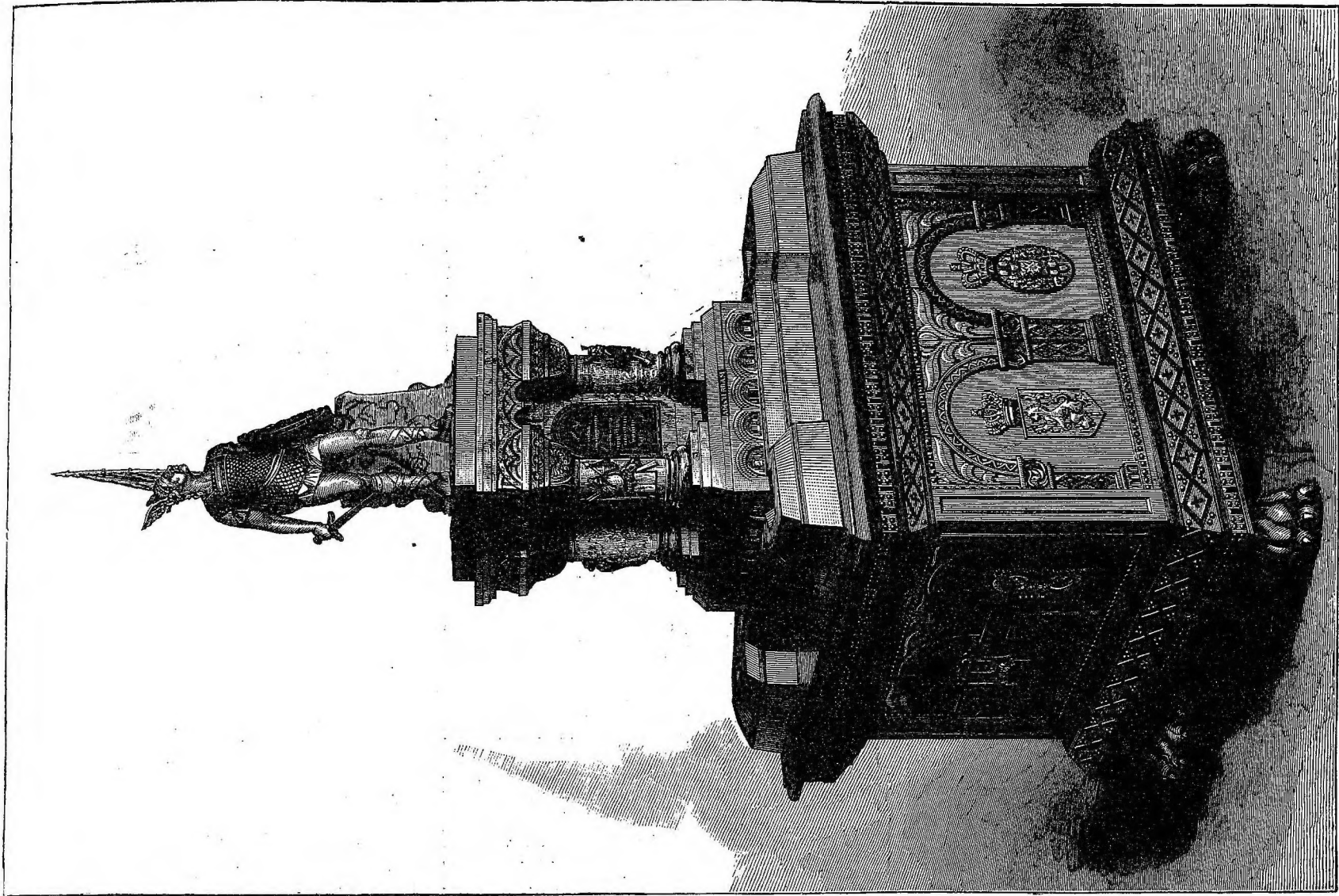




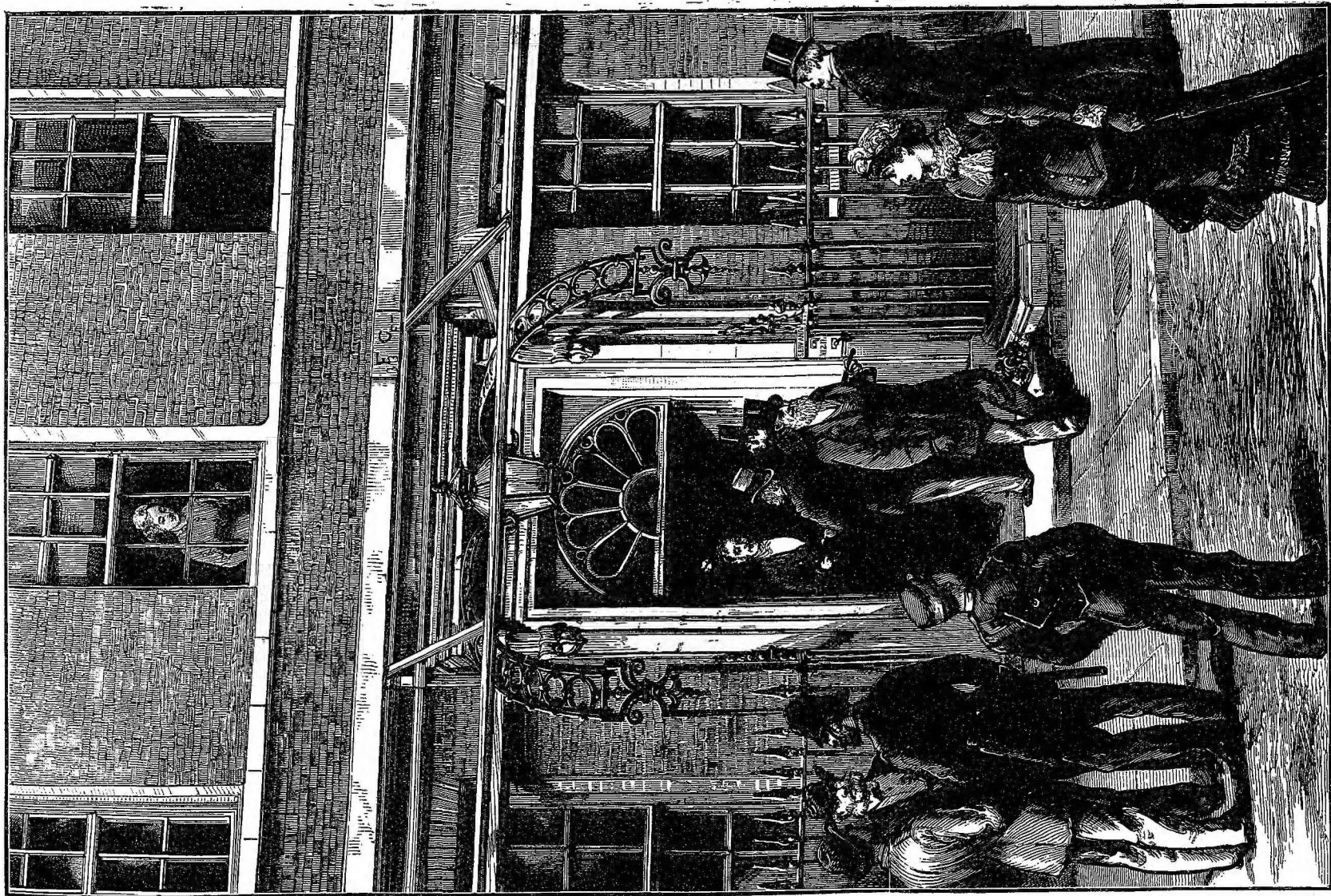
1. The Procession Entering the Cliff Grounds.—2. The Lord Mayor of London Declaring the Building Open.—3. Arrival of the Procession at the Saloon,—4. Silver Gilt Key Presented to the Lord Mayor of London.—5. The Ball in the Grand Hall of the Saloon.

OPENING OF THE NEW SPA BUILDINGS AT SCARBOROUGH





CASKET PRESENTED BY THE DUTCH ARMY AS A WEDDING GIFT TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS



THE ILLNESS OF MR. GLADSTONE: ANXIOUS INQUIRERS AT THE PREMIER'S RESIDENCE IN DOWNING STREET



conscientiously painted—form a striking contrast to the eminently rural theme which Mr. Fahey has chosen to illustrate—a contrast between town and country—between Nature and artificiality.

#### "LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 165.

#### OSBORNE HOUSE

THIS favourite residence of Her Majesty in the Isle of Wight was bought by the Queen from Lady Isabella Blachford in 1840. Under the care of the late Prince Consort, the estate was drained and improved, and was increased by the purchase of additional land, while in 1845 the old mansion was pulled down and the present building erected from the designs of the well-known architect Cubitt. The style, we read in Mr. Jenkinson's admirable handbook, is Domestic Italian, and the building consists of a basement with two storeys above, surmounted by a cornice and balustraded parapet. The principal entrance is in the rear, where also is a massive flag tower. The western wing contains the Royal apartments, and stands altogether in advance of the main portion of the palace. An open corridor extends along the whole north-west front of the building, and a clock tower stands at the south-eastern corner. The rooms, as may be seen in our illustrations, which are all from photographs by Mr. Jabez Hughes, are exceedingly handsome, and are filled with objects of art of every kind—statues by our best sculptors, and the best works of modern artists. The gardens are laid out in terraces, with a lawn sloping to the water's edge, where a small pier has been built. Here Napoleon III. landed when he visited Her Majesty in 1857. There is considerable division of opinion with respect to the derivation of the name of the estate, some authorities contending that it was formerly called Austerbourne or Oysterbourne, from the adjacent oyster-beds, others stating that it is derived from East Bourne or Eastern Brook, while others again trace its origin to William Fitz-Osborne, the Lord of the Island, shortly after the Conquest. The towers of Osborne House can be seen from many parts of the island, but the only full view to be obtained is from the sea. The grounds are kept strictly private, and no strangers are admitted to view the building. Osborne, which is situated near Cowes, has always been a favourite spring and autumn retreat with Her Majesty, who, indeed, passed a portion of her girlhood with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, at Norris Castle, the grounds of which abut upon those of Osborne.

#### NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

See page 172.

#### THE BEAUMONT COMPRESSED AIR LOCOMOTIVE

THIS engine, which is the invention of Colonel Beaumont of the Royal Engineers, and which has now been running for some months in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, is intended for use upon tramways, underground railways, or any line of rails where smoke, steam, and noise are objectionable. The principle is also applicable to pleasure launches and ferry-boats on rivers where short intermittent runs only are required. The motive power, compressed air, is supplied by a stationary engine, and is stored in the reservoir of the locomotive at a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch. From this reservoir it passes successively through three cylinders, when its force being expended it is ejected into the atmosphere. The difficulties usually resulting from the extreme cold caused by the expansion of highly compressed air are overcome by means of a diminutive steam generator which warms the air as it issues from the exhaust ports. Amongst the numerous advantages claimed for the invention are the following: it can be made light or heavy in proportion to the work required of it; it can be run at any speed attained by ordinary locomotives, and is under perfect control, only one man being required to drive it; one charge of air enables it to run a distance of 15 to 20 miles, fresh charging from the stationary compressor can be effected as quickly as the changing of horses, and finally the cost of working is less than steam-power and much less than horse power. The trials at Woolwich have been perfectly satisfactory in every way, and there is every probability that the patent will ere long be brought into very general use, a limited company having already been started for working it, the temporary office being at 3, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

#### SIBI FORT

SIBI is the present terminus of the Sukkur-Quetta-Candahar Railway, and the completion of the line as far as this little village in January last was illustrated by us at the time. The line will prove of great service in conveying reinforcements for Candahar. We engrave a sketch by Lieutenant Giles of the British outpost where our troops are stationed, and which is situated about three-quarters of a mile from the railway station. On the left are shown the officers' quarters, to the right the sepoy's are lodged, and a little farther are the cavalry lines. Behind these is the old mud fort of Sibi, which in the former war gave considerable trouble to our troops. In the background, about ten miles distant, are the hills through which the railway will be eventually taken. The outpost is built on some low hills, thickly covered with pebbles and a few shrubs, and beyond these stretches the plain to the hills on one side and to Jacobabad on the other. The line to Sibi, as it ran through a plain, was laid with great rapidity, 133½ miles having been laid in 101 days. The continuation to Candahar, about 320 miles, traverses more difficult ground, and will ascend and descend several passes, so that its completion is not expected for some years to come. The extension as far as Dargai, some eighty miles from Sibi through the Nari Pass, however, may possibly be finished in the course of next year. The line, which practically starts from a junction with the Indus Valley State Railway at Ruk, passes through Shirkapore and Jacobabad on its way to Sibi.

#### THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AT ST. HELENA

ON her return voyage from Natal the ex-Empress Eugénie touched at the island of St. Helena, in order to visit the house where Napoleon I. died. She arrived in James' Town Harbour in the *Trojan* on July 12th, and the Empress at once landed and drove to Longwood, where she was shown over the various rooms which had been occupied by Napoleon I., and particularly his death chamber, where a marble bust marks the spot where the bed had stood. Longwood is a pleasantly-situated house, and stands on a plateau in the middle of an extensive park. After Napoleon's death it remained for some time tenanted, but was subsequently restored by Napoleon III. From Longwood the Empress went to visit Napoleon's grave, and there plucked some willow branches (one, it is said, for presentation to Queen Victoria), and gathered a few violets and geraniums from the grave. After a short time spent in prayer, the Empress returned to the steamer, having also visited during her stay "The Briars" and "Pavilion" where Napoleon first resided before being removed to Longwood. Our engravings are from sketches kindly forwarded by the Rev. Joseph C. Lambert, Vicar of James Town, St. Helena. It is a singular fact that the same company of the 91st which rendered the funeral honours to the Prince Imperial, and had also in years gone by rendered the same honours to Napoleon I., when his remains were embarked for France, should at that time have been in garrison in the island. The Empress is said to have been greatly affected during her visit.



LORD LYTTON, the late Viceroy of India, with Lady Lytton and their four children, arrived at Portsmouth on Friday last week in the troopship *Himalaya*. His reception was quite unofficial. Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and Admiral Ryder, with a number of personal relatives and friends, met him on landing, and congratulated him on his safe return. On Saturday, in obedience to the Queen's command, he went to Osborne, where he had an audience of Her Majesty, and the same day the party went home to Knebworth Hall, Stevenage, Herts, where they were received by the tenants and villagers with every demonstration of welcome. An address was presented by the Rector, in reply to which his lordship said that there was no public task in the performance of which an Englishman might more fairly protest against peevish or captious criticism than the government of India, which must at all times be an anxious and laborious, as well as a noble and beneficent task. He added that he felt confident that perseverance for only a few years longer in that great policy which successions of great and wise Englishmen have framed for the government of India was all that was needed to give that magnificent portion of Her Majesty's Dominions all the strength, wealth, and influence of one of the Great Powers of the World.

ELECTION NEWS.—Mr. Plimsoll has been beaten at Liverpool by Lord Claud J. Hamilton (C), who polled 21,019, against 19,118 recorded for the sailors' friend. The constituency numbers 63,946 voters, less than half of whom went to the poll, the deficit being mainly attributable to the wholesale abstention of the Irish party. The Sandwich election petition has resulted in the unseating of Mr. C. Crompton Roberts. Mr. Justice Lush, in delivering judgment, said that the election had been conducted by both sides in a most corrupt manner, and was distinguished from all others which had formed the subject of inquiry in that every provision of the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act seemed to have been totally disregarded from first to last.

M. CHALLEMELL-LACOUR on Friday last received a copy of the address adopted at the meeting held recently at St. James's Hall, to protest against the erection of the Prince Louis Napoleon monument in Westminster Abbey; and in thanking the deputation which presented it he said that, France now tranquil and strong under the Republic, was sufficiently confident of the future to pay little attention to the hopes nourished by certain pretenders, or to the illusions which might be entertained as to the chances of those pretenders by persons badly informed respecting the condition of French affairs.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION opened its fortieth annual meeting on Tuesday at Cambridge, the inaugural address being delivered by the President, Dr. G. Murray Humphry, F.R.S., who is Professor of Anatomy at the University. On Wednesday the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Dr. Brown-Séquard of Paris; Dr. Chauveau, of Lyons; Professor Donders, of Utrecht; Sir Wm. Jenner, Sir Wm. Gull, Sir George Burrows, Mr. William Bowman, the Rev. S. Haughton, Mr. Joseph Lister, Dr. O'Connor, Mr. John Simon, and Dr. Andrew Wood.

TEMPLE BAR having been, after years of contention, removed from the top of Fleet Street, and the roadway widened to thirty-seven feet, the City Corporation, in spite of general remonstrance, are about to erect in the middle of this comparatively narrow roadway another obstruction, five feet wide, seven long, and thirty-seven feet high. Whether it will turn out a beautiful ornament or a horrible monstrosity remains to be seen; but there can hardly be two opinions as to its being a needless and annoying obstruction.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE.—Some 300 of the members of this League visited the Crystal Palace on Sunday afternoon last, by permission of the directors. The picture gallery and the gardens were the chief attractions. Mr. J. Beal, the President of the Society, delivered an address in the Egyptian Hall, thanking those present for their attendance, which he looked upon as a practical protest against the way in which Sunday was generally spent. Dr. Zerfili was to have lectured on "Egypt and the Ancient Egyptians;" but it was announced that he had been suddenly taken ill.

A NAVAL SHAM FIGHT, in which torpedo boats were largely employed, took place off Fort Monckton, near Portsmouth, in the presence of the Lords of the Admiralty, on Tuesday morning, and at night the operations were continued to ascertain the effect of the smoke of the guns upon the electric light.

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—On Tuesday the express train from Edinburgh to London ran off the line at a place called Marshall's Meadows while going at full speed, and the escape of all the passengers with only a few slight injuries is marvellous considering the manner in which the carriages were piled together and smashed up. Three lives were sacrificed, the driver being killed instantly, and the stoker and guard of the train dying directly after the accident. The cause of the accident has yet to be ascertained, but the line was under repair close to the spot.—On Wednesday another terrible accident happened on the Midland Railway, at Wennington, near Settle. The engine in passing from one line to another, struck and broke the points, and was thrown off the rails, the result being that the train was wrecked. Seven of the passengers were killed, and about twenty badly injured. The driver and stoker had a miraculous escape.

ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS have been more than usually numerous during the week. To those already noted above the following must be added. On Saturday a Clyde steamer, while on a trip from Greenock to Glasgow with 700 excursionists on board, ran on a submerged rock some 200 yards from the pier, and began to sink rapidly. She, however, reached the pier, all on board were safely landed, and the vessel was afterwards run aground.—A gentleman named Jones, a solicitor, of Chester, has been drowned in the Mersey. He fell into the water while stepping from one boat to another, and though a strong swimmer he sank almost immediately.

AN OPPORTUNE DISCOVERY was made on Saturday on the London and North Western Railway, at a point between Beeston and Tattershall, by two gentlemen, father and son, to whose presence of mind may be attributed the prevention of a most disastrous accident. Seeing that the heavy floods had swept away the ballast of the railway for a space of about 25 feet, leaving only the rails and sleepers hanging across the chasm, they at once ran off in opposite directions along the line to stop two express trains which they knew were nearly due, and both of which were fortunately pulled up within a few yards of the dangerous spot.

INSURANCE AGAINST FATAL ACCIDENTS.—Mr. David Chadwick, the well-known coal and iron master, in a letter to *The Times* revives the oft-repeated suggestion that a National Fatal Accident Insurance Fund should be established. He believes that all previous suggestions have failed, because by including payments for sickness and disablement they interfered with local provident societies, and he would, therefore, confine the scheme solely to fatal accidents. He considers that an annual premium of six shillings (two-thirds of which should, he suggests, be paid by the workmen, and one-third by the employer) would suffice to insure 50l. in case of death by

accident, and he feels certain that with good management the fund would pay those who subscribe capital towards its establishment.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—The rejection of the Disturbance Bill by the Lords has been followed by the despatch of fresh troops to Ireland, which it is to be hoped will allay the feeling of insecurity excited by the outrages in various parts of the country, among the latest of which is the murder of Mr. Boyd, at Shaw Ross, on Sunday, by a party of masked men, who, after firing several shots at him and his sons, managed to get clear away. Several arrests have been made on suspicion, but there would appear to be little chance of identification.—Home Rule meetings were held on Saturday and Sunday at Leeds and Liverpool. At the former resolutions were adopted condemning the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the Irish Land Question, and declaring that Ireland had nothing to hope from any English Government, whether "Whig, Tory, or Radical;" but at the latter, Mr. Gladstone's name was received with cheers, and Dr. Commins was loudly applauded when he said that "Mr. Gladstone had failed, but would not fail again, for there was plenty of work in him yet;" and that "the House of Lords were treading on very dangerous ground, for the people of England and Ireland were beginning to understand one another better."—At the Home Rule Convention at Newcastle, on Monday, Mr. Parnell, who took the chair, said that the rejection of the Disturbance Bill would be more to the interest of the Irish people than they expected, because it would intensify the land agitation, which would not cease until it had brought to ashes that last crop of English misrule.—Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., has written a letter, explaining his objections to Mr. Parnell's action in Parliament. Referring to a recent meeting of the Home Rule party, he says: "It is perfectly true that I opposed the proposal, moved by Mr. Parnell and seconded by Mr. Justin M'Carthy, to convert the criticism of the constabulary estimates into a species of obstructive demonstration in the House of Commons against the recent decision of the House of Lords. I could not recognise the logic of the proposition. To punish Mr. Forster for the conduct of Lord Beaconsfield, to make the Liberal Government in the Commons a sort of whipping-boy who is to be castigated vicariously for the anti-tenant views of the Conservative Opposition in the Upper House, seemed to me a somewhat mysterious manoeuvre not easy to be understood."

OBITUARY.—Among the deaths announced this week are those of Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, the world-famous writer of sea stories and other books for boys; and Sir P. G. Fitzgerald, the "Knight of Kerry," who only a few weeks ago was created a baronet, but whose feudal title dates from the thirteenth century.



A TENDER interest lingers around Monday night in the House of Commons. It comes to pass that on recurrent Mondays the Leader of the House is wont to communicate the decision arrived at at the Cabinet meeting of the previous Saturday with respect to the business programme. In elder times it was the custom for successive Mondays to find a diminished amount of work. It has been left for the present Ministry to depart from this custom to the extent that on Monday, August 9th, they go beyond the programme announced on Monday, August 2nd. At the earlier date Lord Hartington announced a sufficiency of work to keep the House together up to the last week in August. There was one notable omission from the list of Bills enumerated, and it was taken for granted that this at least was abandoned. On August 2nd the Leader of the House made no reference to the Burials Bill; on the 9th he announced that its Second Reading would be proceeded with forthwith, and that at some indefinite time at a remote period, when it might not be treason to talk of holidays, the Bill would be taken through Committee.

It is small wonder that this statement should not only have taken away the breath of hon. members on the Opposition Benches, but literally have taken off their corporeal presence. Within half-an-hour after Lord Hartington had with his customary imperturbability made this statement there was not a single Conservative on the bench. If it had fortuitously happened that the Parnellites had been dispersed throughout the country, preparing for that campaign of agitation which we are promised as a diversion for the winter months, the benches to the left of the Speaker would have been absolutely tenantless. As it was, the whirligig of time brought the Leadership of the Opposition into the hands of Mr. Biggar, and, stationed on the corner seat below the gangway, that eminent statesman undertook that money should not be voted with undue precipitancy.

In this undertaking he received valuable aid from Mr. Rylands, who has somehow or other dropped into the background of late. Time was when the member for Burnley was the centre of negotiation for combinations of forces to be hurled either against the Government or the Opposition—generally against the Government, whichever side might happen to be in power. When the new Parliament met Mr. Rylands was in great form, and made various demonstrations designed to overawe the simple mind of the New Member. But somehow or other these little ebullitions of superior intelligence have disappeared, and it was quite an unaccustomed treat to hear Mr. Rylands on Monday night hammering away in the old style, pouring out, as it were, on the floor of the House a libation to Economy, the mixture containing an intolerable quantity of sack to a very small penn'orth of bread.

When Mr. Rylands had done (which was not for some time), the Irish members took up the strain, prominent among them being Mr. A. O'Connor, who, in a life long and carefully spent in connexion with the Chelsea Vestry, has established some claim upon the attention of the House of Commons. The House, unhappily, is not inclined to pay its dues in this respect, and Mr. O'Connor orated with persistent eloquence, having for his principal listener the unfortunate Minister on the Treasury Bench in charge of the Estimates. It was a weary night, the monotony of which was scarcely filled by Mr. Biggar's insistence upon moving a count whenever members were driven away by the desolation of the scene, and the character of the criticisms offered. Still, sixteen votes were agreed to before, early in the morning, progress was reported, and this, as matters go now, is no mean measure of advance.

On Tuesday the House met, in pursuance of the Ministerial programme, to take up the Hares and Rabbits Bill. The Cabinet, comfortably seated in Downing Street, had drawn up quite a pretty programme for the week. On Tuesday the House was to go into Committee on the Hares and Rabbits Bill, and there were not lacking sanguine Ministers who contemplated the possibility of its being passed through this stage between the morning and evening sitting. In such case the Census Bill, and one or two others of minor importance, were to be taken on Wednesday. On Thursday the Burials Bill was to be read a Second Time, and on Friday the Employers' Liability Bill would pass through its penultimate stage. On Monday Supply, including the judiciously deferred Irish Estimates, were to be taken; and, calmly assuming that these would be disposed of at the one sitting, Tuesday was set apart for the Indian Budget.



This was a pretty dish to set before the House of Commons within three days of grouse-shooting. On Tuesday the temper of the House, in view of this fact, was sorely tried, with the result that the whole of the prettily-conceived and delicately-constructed Ministerial programme was shattered. It will be seen from the above enumeration that everything was made to turn upon the progress of the Hares and Rabbits Bill. What happened was that midnight had struck before the House even agreed to go into Committee on the Bill. A single hour was devoted to consideration of the amendments, of which there are 140, whereof two were disposed of, the House adjourning whilst the first line of Clause 1 was under discussion. The delay began on the somewhat distant connexion of Afghanistan. Sir William Palliser wanted to instruct the Secretary for India to instruct the Commander of the Forces in Afghanistan on a particular and important point of military strategy. In order to do this Sir William moved the adjournment of the House, a somewhat unusual method of securing an opportunity for making a maiden speech.

Lord Hartington was very severe on the hon. member when he came to reply, and evidently had the sympathy of both sides of the House in his condemnation of the unusual, perhaps unprecedented, course taken in thus attempting to discuss in the House of Commons particular points of military operations designed and being carried out by military commanders thousands of miles away. Sir William Palliser was snuffed out without difficulty, but it was much less easy to perform that operation upon Mr. Chaplin when he came forward with a motion for the adjournment. It was the business programme that was disturbing the mind of Mr. Chaplin. The hon. member has not been much in the House of late, "important engagements" elsewhere having, as he admitted interfered even with his supreme duty of opposing the Hares and Rabbits Bill on a Second Reading. Irreverent members opposite supplied a clue to the nature of these conflicting engagements by calling out "Goodwood," an interruption of which Mr. Chaplin very properly took no notice. But being now in his place the Member for Mid-Lincolnshire was filled with concern at the conduct of the Government in belabouring worn-out legislators with this great load of work. Lord Hartington, who is wonderfully wakening up, answered Mr. Chaplin very smartly, gently but firmly ridiculing his pretensions to pose as Leader of the Opposition. This was a matter Mr. Chaplin probably would have met with indifference, but he could not be blind to the commentary on his proceeding furnished by the division, in which he found himself supported by only 23 members against 236.

Unabashed by this rebuff, Mr. Chaplin was in his place again at the evening sitting, and met the impression of concern about his absence during the Second Reading by delivering at great length a speech he had prepared for the occasion. This brought up Mr. Bright, who also would have spoken on the Second Reading, but for the temporary collapse of the Opposition, which at this stage permitted the Bill to be read a second time without a division. Mr. Bright did not speak long, but he managed to throw into his remarks a sting which kept the Conservative benches in an uproar, and which Sir Stafford Northcote jumped up to resent. All this talking brought the House up to midnight, and then going into Committee sat for little more than an hour.

On Wednesday afternoon the Bill was again taken, but without any material advance in the rate of progress. The heat which had occasionally flashed forth on the previous night rose to even fiercer height, Mr. Bright being again the disturbing influence. He made one of his bitter speeches, in which he accused the landlords of desiring to obstruct the Bill, which brought up Lord John Manners, who thought that if Sir William Harcourt wanted to pass the Bill, he should muzzle his right hon. colleague. The first clause was still under discussion, when progress was reported, and the Bill stands over—at present indefinitely, though it would be a mistake to think it is dropped.



A NEW and original drama by Mr. H. Such Granville, bearing the title of *Falsely Judged*, and produced at the ROYAL CONNAUGHT Theatre on Saturday evening, belongs to a school of melodramas which has of late years gone out of fashion. Its scene is laid in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and it may be observed that the old race of melodramatists delighted in French forests, more particularly if a murder was to be done and afterwards detected by ingenious and subtle processes. Mr. Granville commits no murder—at least *coram populo*, but his story is based upon a murder supposed to have been committed in the forest by his principal personage twelve years before the rise of the curtain. In the exploded class of pieces referred to a witch was always introduced if possible, or failing this a gipsy woman given to weird prophetic utterances. Mr. Granville has a witch—"the Witch of Fontainebleau" is her familiar appellation—a strange weird person, of most eccentric manners. But perhaps the crowning evidence of the determination of the author of *Falsely Judged* to stand upon the ancient ways of melodrama is the ever-haunting presence in his play of a ghost, not, be it remembered, a mere lime-light spectre, constructed to move slowly to the accompaniment of a trembling melody as in the *Corsican Brothers*, nor yet that highly-improved apparition which was patented by Mr. Pepper with all its latest improvements; but a thoroughly traditional murdered lady in flowing white draperies, staring dreadfully, and exciting our compassionate awe by the exhibition of a gaping wound upon the left breast. Of the story of this play little need be said. Its hero, the guilty innkeeper, who has evidently been fashioned upon the model of Mathias in *The Bells*, has assassinated his wife in a fit of jealousy at the instigation of an Iago named De Blanc, and has suffered in consequence ever since the tortures of remorse. Worried by the "witch," who is always dropping in to alarm him with her "wild and whirling words," haunted by the spectre of his victim, who is constantly appearing at his window, so that he cannot even indulge his favourite pastime of counting the hoarded savings of his lifetime, which he keeps under the floor of the inn parlour, without additional fear and trembling. The life of Courvoisier (such is the wretched man's name) is rendered still more unendurable by the sudden reappearance of the Iago referred to, who not only insists on marrying the innkeeper's daughter, but compels Courvoisier to assist him in sending his daughter's affianced lover to the scaffold on a false accusation of the murder of which the innkeeper was the real perpetrator. We need hardly say that the young man thus "falsely judged" is finally saved by a reprieve under the very knife of the guillotine, or that the villain is in the end confounded, the heroine made happy, and the wretched Courvoisier permitted to atone for his faults, and to die in peace in the presence of the spectators. Mr. Granville is known as one of the rather numerous band of dramatic aspirants who complain bitterly of the blindness of managers to "untried talent." He has not as yet, so far as we can remember, induced any manager to open his eyes to the value of his manuscripts so far as to accept and perform them with the assistance of his regular company, but, as the despised poet in Pope's "Satires" threatens to "shame the fools," and exclaims, "Sdeath, I'll print

it!" so does Mr. Such Granville now and then, generally in the height of summer, bring out a play in which he acts the leading part himself, with the assistance of a troupe recruited, as a rule, for the occasion. On this occasion, accordingly, he plays the part of the guilty Courvoisier. Mr. Granville's histrionic accomplishments are superior to those of the average of amateur performers; but, like most actors of this class, he imitates, and imitates, we are compelled to say, injudiciously. Mr. Irving is his model—and particularly Mr. Irving in the character of Mathias; but, while he is pretty successful in copying the well-known eccentricities of that actor, he is unhappily not able to impress upon his impersonation that imaginative stamp which is characteristic of all Mr. Irving's performances in serious plays. Mr. Granville is always in a fume unless he is in a whirlwind of delirious excitement. The result is that the spectator, fatigued by the lack of relief, falls into indifference. Miss May Bulmer, who represents the heroine, pleases rather by her pretty looks and pretty ways than by any great acting power. Mr. H. St. Maur as her lover acts with a degree of truth and moderation praiseworthy in themselves, though not in keeping with the exaggerated tone of the piece. Mr. Granville's rather inflated dialogue provoked more merriment than was convenient, and the ghost and the witch, we regret to say, inspired but little respect in the gallery. For this and some other reasons the first performance was the occasion of a rather noisy demonstration.

Mr. Bret Harte's play, *Colonel Sellers*, in which the American actor, Mr. Raymond, has been performing at the Gaiety, has already been withdrawn. Miss Nelly Farren, Miss Vaughan, Mr. Royce, and other members of Mr. Hollingshead's regular company, reappeared here on Monday evening in *High Life Below Stairs* and the burlesque of *Rip Van Winkle*. These pieces will continue to be performed to the end of the month, when Mr. and Mrs. Florence, the Americans, are to make their first London appearance here in *The Mighty Dollar*, a piece which enjoys a great reputation in the United States.

Heralded by a gigantic display of advertising after the manner of Americans, Mr. Haverley's "Mastodon Minstrels" have taken up their abode at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre—a house hitherto associated with the more refined, if less generally popular, attraction of opera. The songs and dialogues in the new entertainment can scarcely be said to satisfy expectation, and the latter in particular struck us as being especially weak. On the other hand, however, there are some exceedingly clever clog and other dances, executed with remarkable precision by a large company; and some of the performances on musical instruments, notably a capital imitation of the sometime popular chamber barrel-organ, produced by blowing through organ-pipes, and some gymnastic efforts on the banjo, are extremely clever. The evening concludes with a very amusing burlesque of the modern style of comedy-drama, and the conventionalities of actors and actresses peculiar to it. The large theatre was crowded in every part, and the entertainment is for the time a distinct success.

**SENSITIVE RAILWAY METALS.**—The accidental displacement of rails is known to be a fruitful source of railway disaster. The rains and floods of winter usually occasion the mischief, but it seems that the "iron horse" has an even more insidious enemy than accumulated storm-water to threaten it and to imperil its swift career. The danger in question is one moreover that those who can afford to restrict their railway travelling to serene summer time are not exempt from. One day last week an excursion train was jogging on its peaceful way on the Caledonian Railway at the rate, fortunately, of not more than fifteen miles an hour, when on approaching Auchinraith the engine suddenly left the metals, and, sliding down an embankment about ten feet deep, turned over and lay on its side, dragging with it a composite carriage and part of the next one, the remainder keeping their position on the line. The driver and stoker were badly scalded, and several passengers more or less shaken, but no lives were lost. Investigation into the cause of the accident showed that the rails, which were of steel and of the heaviest kind made, had "bulged," owing to the heat of the sun, and further examination disclosed the startling fact that at a point only forty yards distant from the first disturbance, and on the down line, the rails were bulged eight inches from their original position, carrying the sleepers with them. The bent rails were preserved for the Government inspector, who will no doubt give the matter the attention it deserves, especially as regards the quality of the metal of which the rails are composed. There are all manner of new and improved processes for the manufacture of railway running gear, and it may possibly be found that some sorts of steel are more sensitive to solar heat than others. Anyhow it is to be hoped that the eccentric behaviour of the metals at Auchinraith is capable of explanation. Just at this time of year, when pleasure trains are most crowded and the sun's rays are fiercest, it would be awkward were it admitted that under certain peculiar atmospheric conditions the rigidity even of steel rails could not be guaranteed, nor the imperturbability of sleepers depended on.

**CONVALESCENT HOMES.**—The Council of the Charity Organisation Society has just issued a report bearing on the interesting and important question of Convalescent Homes and their better management. It appears that the total number of these Homes is 157, affording asylum for 5,248 men, women, and children. Of the whole number of Homes, twenty-three are absolutely free, and admission is to be obtained by means of a subscriber's letter. At fifty-two a payment has to be made as well as a subscriber's letter procured, and at ninety-one either by letter, free or with payment, or by extra payment without a letter. The average weekly charge at Convalescent Homes ranges from five to ten shillings, according to the accommodation, and whether the patient has or has not a subscriber's letter. The grounds for instituting a committee of inquiry into the subject were, amongst others, the alleged difficulties experienced by applicants in obtaining letters of recommendation to Homes suitable to their requirements, and part of the committee's duty was to consider and report on the rules of, and sufficiency of accommodation in, existing Convalescent Homes, and to make such recommendation as might increase the facilities for dealing with convalescent cases. The result of a want of a plan of co-operation is a great inequality in the pressure on the available accommodation. The lesser cost of the journey creates a pressure on Homes near the metropolis, while some Homes are better known and more popular than others, and at these admission cannot be obtained for five or six weeks, or even longer, while there may be plenty of room at Homes a few miles further away. To mitigate these evils the committee recommend a plan suggested by Mr. Hazell, namely, that instead of subscribing to individual Homes, contributors should pay into the common fund of a Convalescent Home Union, from which a payment would be made on behalf of the contributor to the Convalescent Home suitable for the case in which he was interested. It is proposed that the scheme might be carried out by the establishment of an office for information regarding the vacancies in Homes, the payments or other modes of admission, the railway fares, and other details which persons interested in individual cases would wish to ascertain with as little delay as possible. No doubt there is much truth in the remark that "long waiting for letters of admission is in many instances most injurious to the permanent interests of the person in distress." There can be no question that the asylums in question would find great advantage in a scheme which would gradually equalise the pressure on their accommodation by fairly distributing the patients.



A HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL EXHIBITION has been opened at the Hague.

THE DUTCH POLAR EXPEDITION on board the *Willem Barents* is said to be making good progress, and valuable results are expected from the scientific researches.

A PUBLIC CRICKET GROUND is to be formed at Hampstead, and the Metropolitan Board of Works, on the recommendation of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, have resolved to drain thirteen acres of the Heath for this purpose.

AN INDUSTRIAL ARTS EXHIBITION is to be held at Lahore in December, 1881. It will be held under organised auspices, and is especially designed to promote the artistic industries of the Punjab. A similar Exhibition on a smaller scale will be held this year at Simla.

A SERIOUS DISASTER has befallen the Belgian African Expedition. It is announced from Zanzibar that Captain Carter and Mr. Cadarshead have both been killed by Mirambo, the great robber chief. The particulars have not yet come to hand. By his last letter, written in May, Mr. Cadarshead expected to join Captain Carter at Karem.

"SATURDAY AFTERNOON WITH THE BEST AUTHORS" is the last new London periodical. It is edited by Mr. B. L. Farjeon, and each issue contains selections from the works of the best known writers. In the first number, amongst other authors laid under contribution, are Charles Dickens, Washington Irving, Shelley, Isaac d'Israeli, and Hans Christian Andersen.

"IS IT POSSIBLE?" asks the *Parisian*. One day last week the Brussels journals contained the following notice: "The public is informed that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt will visit the Museum to-morrow at two o'clock in the afternoon." And the following day the great artiste visited the Museum with all Brussels at her back, and a brass band in the rear playing the *Marseillaise*.

VISITORS TO PARIS during the holidays should see the museum of artillery at the Hotel des Invalides, which is now enriched with a new collection of war costumes and ethnographic types. At present the new museum comprises thirty-two life-size types divided into eight series—Greek, Roman, French, Asiatic, African, American, Oceanian. The organiser of these galleries, Colonel Leclerc, is now engaged on the still more difficult task of arranging a series of types of warriors of the prehistoric age.

A TAX ON TITLES has now been established by the Italian Government. Thus for the future a person will pay 30,000 lire (1,200*l.*) on being created a prince, and 25,000 lire (1,000*l.*) on being made a duke. The charge for a marquisate is 20,000 lire; for the title of "Count" 15,000 lire; of "Baron" or "Viscount" 10,000 lire. Any other noble title will cost 5,000 lire. Should the person ennobled desire that the title shall not descend to any successors, a discount of two-fifths on the regular tariff will be allowed. For a grant of arms, &c., 700 lire will be charged.

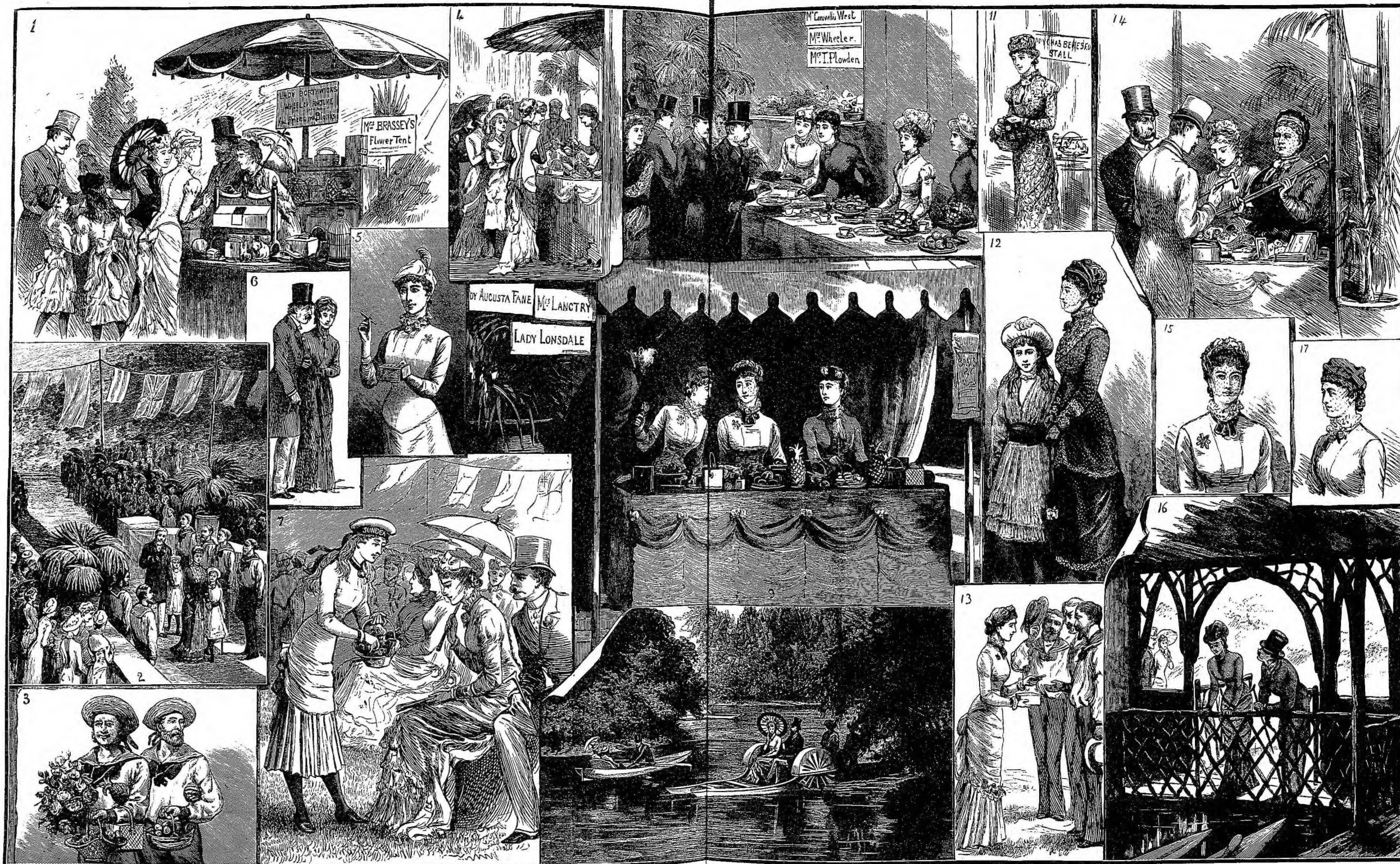
LONDON MORTALITY increased and decreased respectively during the last two weeks, and 1,746 and 1,698 deaths were registered against 1,482 during the previous seven days, being 49 and 47 above the average, and at the rate of 24.9 and 24.2 per 1,000. Last week there were 2 deaths from small-pox, 26 from measles (9 below the average), 50 from scarlet fever, 12 from diphtheria, 33 from whooping-cough, 20 from different forms of fever, and 367 from diarrhoea (exceeding the average by 47). Deaths from lung diseases numbered 175, and different forms of violence caused 57 deaths. The births numbered respectively 2,488 and 2,270 against 2,595 during the previous week. There were 15.9 hours of registered bright sunshine last week, the sun being above the horizon during 106.2 hours.

SOME FURTHER INTERESTING REMAINS OF A ROMAN BATH have been unearthed at Bath. The *Bath Herald* writes:—"More than a century ago a portion of these remains was brought to light, and to this discovery has now to be added a large bath, 80ft. in length by about 40ft. in width, lined with lead three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and surrounded by a flight of massive steps, which the City Architect has lately found in the course of the works executed in connection with the drainage. Around the margin of the bath in question is also a platform of stone 17ft. wide, and the whole was enclosed in a hall, the dimensions of which is estimated at 74ft. by 120ft. The customary adjuncts, as we know from previous discoveries, were on the same liberal and substantial scale, and, while the superstructure was thus large and complete in its details, the drains and sluices were perfect in their arrangement for regulating the influx and efflux of the waters."

A RIVAL TO THE FAMOUS STRASSBURG CLOCK has appeared in New York in the form of a "National American Astronomical Clock." This curious timepiece is priced at 10,000*l.* It shows the time at fourteen cities, and indicates the movements of the planetary system for the next two centuries. Figures symbolising Childhood, Adolescence, Maturity, and Death strike the quarters respectively, while at the completion of each hour a panel opens and displays George Washington seated on a throne, and holding the Declaration of Independence in his right hand. He rises to his feet, and a servant in livery appears and opens a door, whence issue in procession all the Presidents of the United States, each of whom bows to Washington as he passes, and disappears through a second door held open by a footman. President Hayes brings up the rear, and, as soon as he has passed, Washington reseats himself, and the panel is closed upon him until the next hour strikes.

EIGHT PORTRAITS WERE PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY during the past twelve months. According to the annual report, which has just appeared, they are as follows:—Sarah Austin, 1793-1867, wife of Professor John Austin; Baron Thomas Dimsdale, M.D., F.R.S., 1712-1800, a celebrated inoculator for small-pox, painted by Plimer; Convention of the Anti-Slavery Society held at the Freemasons' Hall in June, 1840, painted by B. R. Haydon, and containing twenty-three portraits; Anthony Vandyke Copley Fielding, 1787-1855 (the celebrated water-colour painter), painted by Sir William Boxall; Inigo Jones, architect, 1573-1652, copied by Old Stone from a picture by Van Dyck, now at St. Petersburg; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet, 1516-1547; Daniel Maclise, R.A., 1811-1870, painted from life by E. M. Ward, R.A. The presentations also include a sculptured head of Robert Owen, of New Lanark, the socialist and philanthropist, 1771-1858. There have also been twelve purchases made as follows:—Lord Cottingham, diplomatist, 1578-1652, probably painted in Spain by a Spanish artist; Queen Mary II., 1662-1694, painted by Gaspar Netscher; Benjamin West, P.R.A., 1738-1820, a marble bust, sculptured by Sir Francis Chantrey; Prince Rupert, 1619-1682, painted by Sir Peter Lely; Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, 1625-1672, painted by Sir Peter Lely; John Milton at the age of sixty-two, when totally blind, the well-known line engraving by William Faithorne; Madame Jane Middleton, 1646-1690, one of the celebrities in Grammont's Memoirs, painted by Sir Peter Lely; Sir William Beechey, R.A., 1753-1839, the celebrated portrait painter, painted by himself; Henry Howard, sixth Duke of Norfolk, 1628-1684, painted by Mrs. Beale; Endymion Porter, man of letters, 1587-1660, painted by Dobson; Sir Henry Bishop, the composer, 1786-1855; and William Faithorne, the engraver, 1616-1691, painted by Robert Walker.





1. LADY BORTHWICK'S WHEEL OF FORTUNE.—2. ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—3. JACK AND HIS PRIZE.—4. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S STALL.—5. MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST SELLING CIGARETTES.—6. A DISTINGUISHED COMPOSER AND HIS WIFE.—7. THE "SUNBEAM," MISS BRASSEY.—8. THE PRINCE AT THE REFRESHMENT BAR.—9. BEAUTY'S BOWER.—10. ON THE LAKE.—11. BUTTON-HOLE FLOWERS.—12. THE PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE TERRACE.—13. MRS. LANGTRY.—14. IN THE BOAT-HOUSE.—15. ANOTHER STALL HOLDER: THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.

THE "ATALANTA" FÊTE AT KENSINGTON HOUSE





**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—The Montenegrin difficulty seems a little nearer solution. The Porte had decided to cede Dulcigno rather than give up Hum and Tusi, and, in replying to the Collective Note of the Powers, asked for a further extension of a week or a fortnight should the cession not be completed within the given time—i.e., by August 25th. If this delay, however, were not granted the Porte declined further responsibility in the matter, so that this request is considered as only a plea for further temporising on the subject, particularly as Turkey now states that she misunderstood the proposal, not knowing that another strong position, Dinosh, on the Lake of Scutari, was to be included in the cession. Hussein Pasha, the War Minister, with 2,000 troops, leaves immediately for Dulcigno, to superintend the surrender, which it is thought, after all, might be effected peaceably when the Albanians find that the Porte is really in earnest, notwithstanding reports of the determined resistance of the Albanian League. Nevertheless his departure is regarded by many as merely a show of coercion to satisfy the pressure of the Powers, while the usual vacillating policy will be continued at Constantinople to delay the cession as long as possible. The Greek question remains in much the same state. The Turkish Ministry again proposed to draw up a fresh frontier line for the consideration of the Powers, but Mr. Goschen has warned Abbedin Pasha that no alteration whatever will be accepted in the line chosen by the Berlin Conference of 1880. Meanwhile considerable satisfaction has been aroused in Ministerial circles by the evident cooling down of France's advocacy of Greek interests—a change universally attributed to the suspicion that Prince Bismarck wishes to involve France in a dangerous controversy, while the mobilisation of the Greek army has excited no alarm, as the measure will take four months to carry out. Greece will then have 60,000 men at her disposal, half of whom will be under arms by the time the Chamber meets on September 20th, as the Reservists are flocking in, and much enthusiasm is felt throughout the country. The four French vessels stationed at Phaleron have suddenly left Greek waters, and indeed the Greeks are much disappointed with the French, who, in addition to the withdrawal of the Thomassin Mission, now refuse to provide 30,000 rifles which had been privately promised.

Rumours of the Unionist movement between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia declare that the agitators number nearly 140,000 men, while the unlucky Mussulmans in Bulgaria are daily more oppressed by their Christian brethren, and the Porte has issued three fresh appeals on their behalf, suggesting a meeting of Consuls at Sofia to consider measures for their protection.

**FRANCE.**—The visits of the three Presidents—MM. Grévy, Léon Say, and Gambetta—to Cherbourg, has proved an unequalled success. Little known as President Grévy is in the province, the chief popular enthusiasm was mostly for M. Gambetta, who took care, however, in all his speeches to put M. Grévy forward, and to declare the debt of the Republic to its present head. All along the line to Cherbourg the Presidential trio received deputations, and listened to unlimited speechifying, in which the clergy were conspicuous, while Cherbourg itself, gaily decorated, was crowded to overflowing, and gave its guests a hearty welcome. Even the quarrel between the Municipality and the Maritime Prefect, Admiral Ribourt, was temporarily hushed up, as the Presidents were to stay with the Admiral. Arriving on Sunday, the Presidents held a reception, and afterwards went out to witness the illuminations, M. Grévy being on foot, and M. Gambetta in a carriage. The President of the Chamber was most enthusiastically cheered, and made a telling oration, exhorting the people to respect the Government itself rather than any special individual at its head. Monday was spent in an inspection of the breakwater, the launch of an ironclad, the *Magon*, and a visit to the arsenal and to various vessels in harbour, amongst which was the British Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, with Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and several other officials on board. M. Grévy gave a grand dinner in the evening to the Municipality, at which the British Secretary of the Admiralty was present, and a Venetian *fête* followed; while later M. Gambetta attended a "punch" offered by the Club of Commercial Travellers, and aroused immense enthusiasm by declaring that he had never forgotten how he sprang from the most obscure ranks of the democracy of workers, to which he entirely belongs. Next day there was a regatta and some torpedo practice, and on Wednesday the Presidents returned to Paris. M. Grévy's assurances to the provincial Bishops that neither religion nor the clergy were threatened have been much remarked, as most of the priestly speeches contained plentiful covert criticisms on the recent actions of the Government, although the clerical attitude was tolerably conciliatory. Many of the Jesuit schools, by the way, are calmly announcing their intention to reopen after the vacation.

The Republicans are jubilant over the success of their party on Sunday in the second ballot for Departmental Councillors, ninety-one Republicans and thirty-six Reactionaries being returned. Thus the Republicans now hold 1,012 seats—a gain of 300; while even in Corsica they command the situation. In their turn, the Legitimists have issued a rambling Note, acknowledging the congratulations sent to Henri V. on his *fête* day, and flattering the recent Bonapartist converts by declaring "new services" to occupy the same rank as "old fidelities."

Paris has been absorbed in prize distributions, the most notable being the award of the Prix Montyon for Virtue, at which M. Sardou was spokesman. He heartily condemned the present state of society, where crime was looked upon and pitied as a malady, while pure virtue was not appreciated. Press circles are highly indignant at the treatment of Mr. Harden-Hickey, an American, but better known as M. de St. Patrice, editor of the comic paper *Triboulet*, who has been turned out of France by the Government. The journal has been repeatedly fined for its caricatures of the Republic and the Republicans, and a satire on the Presidential visit to Cherbourg was the proverbial last straw. Utter stagnation reigns in other matters, most of the Parisians being away, and the theatres shut or playing old pieces.

**GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.**—Emperors William and Francis Joseph met on Tuesday at Ischl, and their meeting has been endowed as usual with considerable political significance, more especially as Prince Milan of Serbia was of the party, and Prince Charles of Roumania is shortly expected. Both Austria and Germany hail the meeting as a sign of a fresh Austro-German alliance initiated last autumn by Prince Bismarck during his stay at Vienna, and fraught with warning to England and Russia alike. German opinion in particular is suspicious of England just now, thanks to a sensational article in the *Grenzboten*, accusing both the British and Muscovite Empires of designs on the control of the Danube. Another point of sympathy between the two Teutonic countries this week has been the serious floods alike in Silesia, Moravia, and Galicia, where villages and towns have been inundated, and many lives lost.—The Autumn Manœuvres of the German Army begin on Sept. 10th, and will be conducted this year on an unusually grand scale.

**RUSSIA.**—Negotiations with China will shortly be opened, with a view to settling matters amicably, the Marquis Tseng's mission to

St. Petersburg being eminently peaceful. The utmost secrecy is maintained, but it is thought that the Russian Plenipotentiary will be the Minister at Peking, M. Butsoff. In case of hostilities, however, two Russian corvettes have been sent to Corea, where they will be conveniently within call.

General Skobelev is preparing for a decisive battle with the Tekke Turkomans, who have all concentrated at Geok Tepe. Already, however, the Russians have been worsted in a slight skirmish, losing nine men, and being compelled to retreat. To turn to home affairs, St. Petersburg is preparing for the trial of sixteen persons arrested in February at the printing offices of two Nihilist papers, but the authorities are hampered for want of information. It is stated that the Commission for the Revision of the Press Laws will be presided over by Count Walujeff, journalists being allowed to give their views on the question.

**AFGHANISTAN.**—Candahar is now formally in a state of siege, Ayoub Khan being at Kokaran, six miles away, while large numbers of tribesmen hover round the city, and endeavour to intercept communication. General Primrose, with a garrison of 3,500 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 15 guns, holds the town and citadel, and has completed his preparations for defence, having demolished the buildings outside the walls, and expelled all Pathans from the city. Water is plentiful, and, forage excepted, he is well provisioned for thirty-five days (dating from the 6th inst.), before which time it may be reasonably hoped that one of the relieving forces will appear. Indeed, should all go well, General Roberts expects to reach Candahar about September 2nd, having started from Cabul on Monday with a force of 9,786 men—of whom 2,636 are Europeans—as well as 8,000 camp followers, and eighteen guns, this small amount of artillery being taken for speed in marching, mules and ponies being the only transport allowed. General Roberts will first relieve Khelat-i-Ghilzai, about which considerable anxiety is felt, as it contains a very small garrison, under Colonels Tanner and Galloway. Southwards General Phayre advances from Quetta about the 20th inst. with 5,000 men, and has already seized and fortified the Khojak Pass, maintaining a complete line of communications. The district, however, is much agitated, and a number of Pathans and Murris recently fell upon a British convoy returning to Sibi, killed most of the defenders, and carried off 15,000, and much baggage, while all along the Khojak Pass encounters with the natives are frequent. Chaman, the advanced post of Candahar, from which it is distant some seventy miles, is especially threatened. Further south, however, in Khelat all is tranquil, and the Khan has afforded valuable aid. Meanwhile, Ayoub Khan's inactivity has caused some surprise, and it is stated that he was much disheartened by his losses at Kushk-i-Nakhud, and indeed that he was wounded in quelling a quarrel among his troops respecting booty. On the British side the loss of life has happily been exaggerated, the killed now being estimated at 1,000—including 400 Europeans and twenty-one officers, but the colours of both the 66th and the Bombay Grenadiers are missing.

CABUL has been evacuated this week, and on Sir Donald Stewart leaving for Gundamuk, the city was to be immediately entered by Abdurrahman. The baggage has been sent on, and the troops left on Wednesday, the withdrawal being effected with perfect order and tranquillity. The Ameer paid a farewell visit to Sir D. Stewart and Mr. Lepel Griffin, when he appeared most friendly towards the British, and he is stated to have assisted greatly in the preparation for General Roberts' departure, sending him a transport train, while a son of our old enemy Mushk-i-Alam, (who has been appointed Khan-ul-Alam, head religious preacher of Afghanistan) went in advance of the general to arrange for supplies. The Ghilzai chiefs will be kept at the Ameer's camp until the British reach Gundamuk, and Abdurrahman will immediately organise postal communication with Peshawur. Thanksgiving services for the Ameer's accession have been held throughout the chief towns of Afghanistan.

INDIA proper is entirely occupied with Afghan affairs, and there is much cavilling at the evacuation of Cabul, the step being thought premature. A patriotic fund for those disabled and for the relatives of those killed in action has been formed at Simla, while the Bombay volunteers have offered to do duty in the city during the absence of the troops sent to the front.

**UNITED STATES.**—Dr. Tanner successfully concluded his forty days' fast on Saturday, and at noon ate a peach, some milk, and part of a water-melon. He has since been eating constantly, and in thirty hours he gained 8 lbs., while he suffers in no way from his protracted abstinence, although he had lost 35 lbs. The Doctor's feat has been more absorbing to the public than the Presidential Election, but now politics are again uppermost. General Garfield has been attending a Republican Conference at New York, where he was warmly greeted. Those Republicans who were so bitterly disappointed at Grant's defeat are now rallying to Garfield, and the campaign will open virtually next month at New York.

The recent disputes between Spanish cruisers and American vessels off Cuba have decided the Government for the future to keep a man-of-war in Cuban waters.

**AUSTRALIA.**—Further details of the capture of the Kelly gang of bushrangers show that the band made a desperate and most dramatic resistance. For nearly two years the Kelly gang have infested Victoria, where they have committed infamous crimes, and have cost the Government 45,000*l.* in attempts to bring them to justice. Recently, also, they attacked a hut containing a number of police, with whom was an ex-convict, and managing to decoy the traitor out, shot him dead. A special train of police was sent down near one of their haunts at Glenrowan, but the gang getting scent of this tore up the rails, and imprisoned the officials and other inhabitants of the district in a hotel, in which they also barricaded themselves. The train, however, was warned in time, and the police besieged the hotel, where two of the band were at once shot down, and some of the prisoners injured. Kelly himself was outside, and attempted to reach the bush, appearing for some time bullet proof, until he was disabled in the legs. When secured he was found to be wearing a kind of armour made out of ploughshares. The hotel was then fired, and the remainder of the gang were found dead; Kelly was conveyed to Melbourne Gaol in a precarious condition, but is now better.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—SPAIN has been suffering from fire and water, Jaurienta in Navarre having been nearly entirely burnt down, while serious floods have occurred in Upper Aragon.—BELGIUM and the Vatican seem no nearer an understanding, but the Pope has thanked the Belgian Bishops for their zeal and resistance to the new Education Laws, and intends at the coming coming Consistory to deliver a discourse on the situation of the Church in France and Belgium. At home in ITALY, Leo XIII. is planning the development of the Catholic faith by establishing additional colleges in Asia and Africa, and an association has been formed in Rome to induce Catholics to contribute one centime apiece towards the Pope's support.—At the CAPE a large meeting has been held in support of Sir Bartle Frere. He is to be succeeded by Sir Hercules Robinson, the present Governor of New Zealand. Sir Bartle Frere will leave at once for England, and the government of the Cape will be provisionally conducted by Sir George Strahan, Governor of Tasmania.—From the RED SEA we hear that the steamer *Jeddah*, from Singapore, with 953 pilgrims on board, was abandoned at sea by her captain and officers, who were picked up by the steamer *Scindia*, and seem to have stated that their vessel had foundered with the pilgrims. The *Jeddah*, however, was subsequently found by the steamer *Antenor*, and towed into Aden.



HER Majesty and the Princess Beatrice are still in the Isle of Wight, where on Saturday the Queen received the Earl and Countess Lytton on their return from India. In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Connaught dined with Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. Arthur Peile, Vicar of Holy Trinity, officiating. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters and the Duke of Cambridge visited the Queen, and next morning the Duke and Duchess of Connaught took leave of Her Majesty on their departure for Germany. In the afternoon the Princesses Louise Victoria and Maud of Wales lunched with Her Majesty. On Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice went on board the Royal yacht, and witnessed the torpedo combat off Portsmouth. In the evening, from a terrace of Osborne House, they witnessed the experiments with the electric light. On Wednesday morning the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold reached Osborne in the *Victoria and Albert* from Liverpool, where they had arrived from Canada in the Allan Mail steamer *Polynesian*. The weather had been exceedingly favourable in the Atlantic, and neither the Prince nor the Princess suffered from illness.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have also remained in the Isle of Wight, and on Saturday the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught paid a visit to the troopship *Tamar*, in which the main body of the 26th had embarked for India. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess were present in their yacht *Osborne* at the torpedo experiments in the Solent. The Prince and Princess will present the new colours to the 23rd Regiment (Royal Welsh Fusiliers) before their embarkation for India on Monday. Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales are still on board the *Bacchante*, with the combined Channel and Reserve Squadron.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left London for Darmstadt on Monday evening, and intend to be present at the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. Subsequently the Duke will attend the German Autumn Manœuvres.—Prince and Princess Christian have gone to Switzerland.—The thirty-sixth birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh was observed last week with all the usual honours at Windsor. The Duke will shortly go to Coburg to join the Duchess, who, with her children, has now recovered from the measles, and will leave for Coburg as soon as the forty days' mourning for her mother have been completed.—On Saturday the Duke and Duchess of Teck opened the new Town Hall at Kensington.—The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has left England for Homburg.



**PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—The Covent Garden Concerts are going on prosperously. Mr. F. H. Cowen, the new conductor, makes out his programmes with judgment and varies them discreetly. The first "English Night" was not only interesting *quana même*, but contained some things new to the public. Among these was a spirited overture by Mr. W. Austin (whose *Fire King*, at the Leeds Festival of 1877, will not have been forgotten), and selections from the incidental music composed by Mr. F. H. Cowen for Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*. The latter comprised an overture, two *entr'actes*, and a march, all of which possess unquestionable merit, the first *entr'acte*—a "Serenade," graceful and melodious from beginning to end, and scored for the orchestra with extreme delicacy—more especially. The first movement of a pianoforte concerto in A flat, by John Field (called "Russian Field," in contradistinction to Henry Field of Bath, another famous English pianist), was played by Miss Bessie Richards just as such tuneful unobtrusive music should be played—with quiet repose and expression always natural, never exaggerated. The overture was Sterndale Bennett's *Die Waldnymph*, his first composition for the Leipzig Gewandhaus, where, when Mendelssohn directed and Schumann wrote criticisms, our gifted countryman was so universal a favourite. About this poetical masterpiece to say more than that it was admirably rendered would be superfluous. The second "Classical Night" was chiefly noticeable for a fine performance of Schumann's somewhat laboured but deeply thought out symphony in E flat, and a not less effective one of Beethoven's overture to the *Egmont* of Goethe. M. Musin, a violinist of more than ordinary capacity, played Mendelssohn's concerto with deserved applause, and the other orchestral piece in the opening part was the March from Joachim Raff's symphony, *Lemore*, which had little in common with the rest, and might have been spared. Why will Mr. Cowen persist in calling a movement from one of Haydn's quartets "Serenade," when Haydn has given it no such title? This is surely not "classical." The singers were Mr. Edward Lloyd, Misses Mary Davies and Orridge, who in airs by Gluck (wrongly spelt "Glück" in the programme), Weber, and Handel did themselves one and all infinite credit. The second part began well, with Auber's brilliant and characteristic overture to *Marco Spada*. On the first "Symphony Night" (Monday) the No. 3 (*Eroica*) of Beethoven was given. Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 are to follow in weekly succession.

**MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.**—Music has played an important part in the quinquagenary of the Belgian Independence *fêtes*; and (which is still more gratifying) with some slight exceptions the programmes were almost exclusively drawn from the works of Belgian composers (a lesson for ourselves). The pieces of most pretension were the cantata, *Philip van Artevelde*, by Gevaert, who succeeded Fétis the elder as Principal of the Conservatory, and another cantata by Pierre Benoit, who, next to Gevaert, stands in the first rank of native musicians. A Symphony by Fétis, who was much more learned than imaginative, and a much apter bibliographer (with all his blunders about foreign art) than composer, as well as a *finale* from an opera, *Le Siège de Calais*, by the late Charles Hanssens, were also included. Hanssens, for some years conductor at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, earned a high position among Belgian composers, and earned it worthily. No one in his day was regarded with more esteem by the great body of his fellows in art. Examples from the works of Soubre, Lassens, and others were also introduced; Henri Vieuxtemps, greatest of Belgian violinists, was represented by a concerto, entrusted to M. Colins, formerly his pupil; and M. Auguste Dupont exhibited his claims, both as producer and executant, in a pianoforte concerto of his own. A motet by Joaquin des Prés, and a madrigal by Roland de Lassus (better known as Orlando Lassus), were but scanty instalments from the old Flemish school, which, as all students are aware, exercised no insignificant influence on the progress of the art. The vocalists were Madame Padilla Artôt and M. Warot, whose choice of songs from foreign sources was a little out of keeping with an occasion so avowedly exceptional. The Festival, organised by the Brussels Musical Society, and conducted by M. J. Dupont, with M. Warnots as chorus master, lasted three



days, and was eminently successful.—The engagement of Mlle. Bilbaut-Vauchelet, now the presiding star at the Opéra Comique in Paris, was brought to a successful close last week with *La Flûte Enchantée*, the French version of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, which—*Enchantée*, the French version of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, which—new life, and is everywhere running a new lease of popularity—everywhere, that is, in Germany, where—at Vienna in 1791, the year after Mozart's death—it was first given to the world. Mlle. Vauchelet has left an impression on the connoisseurs of Brussels not likely soon to wear out.—The managers of the Théâtre de la Monnaie (MM. Stounon and Calabresi), having lost the action brought against them by Verdi's publishers for performing *Aida* without the authorised permission, are condemned to pay costs, as well as an indemnity of 3,000 francs. The decision of the Court, however, can hardly be regarded as precisely clear. It was contended that absolute rights having, by international treaty between Belgium and Portugal, been insured to Portuguese authors and composers, the same advantage should extend to those of France, with which country Belgium has no such treaty, and even if such treaty existed it could in no way concern Verdi, who is not a Frenchman. Madame Théo, in a revival of Lecocq's *Giroflé-Girofla*, is the last sensation at the Galeries Saint-Hubert.

**WAIFS.**—The new Stadt-Theater at Frankfort on the Maine is expected to open in the last week in October, the opera selected for performance being Mozart's *Don Juan*.—The revival of Rossini's charming *Conte d'Or* at the Paris Grand Opéra is fixed for next month.—Anton Rubinstein, the renowned Moldavian pianist, is concocting a quartet for stringed instruments.—The hundredth performance of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* at Munich was given on the 26th ult. His Majesty of Bavaria has much to answer for.—A violent storm not long since unroofed the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth. Who was the aggressor? "All Father" Wotan, or Alberich, the Nibelung?—Miss Bessie Richards has gone to Germany for a holiday. She is to play in some concerts at Aix-les-Bains, where Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson are just now the reigning queens.—Mesdames Marie Roze and Rose Hersee are both engaged by Herr Max Strakosch for his forthcoming English opera season in the United States.—Madame Christine Nilsson does not go to America this year, and Madame Etelka Gerster will be Mr. Mapleson's leading *prima donna*.—There seems to be much disappointment at Leeds on account of the promised oratorio of Dr. Sullivan (*David and Jonathan*) being abandoned for a cantata (*The Martyr of Antioch*). An oratorio from the composer of *The Light of the World* was anxiously looked forward to by the Leeds amateurs, and the splendid Yorkshire choristers were longing for their vocal parts, to study and master as they had so successfully studied and mastered *John the Baptist* and *Joseph* of Professor Macfarren. It is to be hoped that *The Martyr of Antioch* will make ample atonement.—The bronze medallion on Schumann's monument in Leipzig was stolen in the night some time since, just as that on Mozart's monument in Vienna was stolen not long ago.—Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company has been doing excellent business in Dublin. Mr. Maas, returned from Paris, has joined them, and is now playing Wilhelm Meister in *Mignon*, after the advice communicated to him by Ambrose Thomas, the composer.



## RURAL NOTES

**THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.**—It is now over a fortnight since prayers were put up by the Archbishop of Canterbury for fair weather and a good harvest time. How it is that the prayers of Kent and Sussex, of Devonshire and Cornwall farmers have been answered, while those of most other agriculturists have had no visible effect, it would savour of profanity to inquire. We must put up with the very "mixed" weather we have had, and if the crops turn out less favourably than anticipated a month ago, we yet may rejoice that, all round, there is a marked improvement from last year. Hay in the home and southern counties is a rather short yield of fair quality. In the southern and midland districts the growth has been heavier, but the ingetting has been wearisome and broken work, and the quality is generally poor. At the beginning of August a very large amount of hay was still out, and though now for the most part carried, it is in bad condition, and needs spicing to make it palatable, drying to make it healthy. If farmers are not careful they may have a return of the sheep flu. Wheat is a most variable crop. Kentish, Surrey, and Sussex farmers are fairly well satisfied, and although some corn has been laid, the home counties should still make up their wheat average to four quarters off the acre. In Norfolk and Suffolk a larger proportion of corn has been laid, and in Lincolnshire mildewed ears and rotten stalks are very common, owing to the excessive moisture. Cutting is now general, but expense is large, owing to many fields being too much knocked about by the weather to admit of machine work. In the Midlands and in the West rain has done much damage. In the Trent Valley not half a crop is looked for; but this is the most "distressed district" of the central counties. In the great county of Yorkshire agriculturists are very discouraged, but further North reports are not so bad, for the crops being less forward there is more room for hope and trust that hot, dry weather may yet aid the patient farmer. Scotland should have a full average of wheat; unhappily the leading cereal is but very little grown there. Barley is terribly twisted and broken by recent storms and rain in all the Eastern and Midland counties. Oats are rather backward. North of the Trent they are, as a rule, only now whitening to harvest. It is feared that straw this year will be rather poor. Beans and peas are good crops—the warm, damp weather having apparently suited them. Mangolds and turnips are not doing very well, but still a fairly good crop is expected. Potatoes are getting more diseased, but must still be reckoned a good crop.

**HOPS.**—The first pocket of this year's growth reached London on the 4th of August, and found prompt sale at 8s. per cwt. It was grown by Mr. James Guest, of Chill Mill, Brenchley, Kent, and was of fair quality.

**RENT REDUCTIONS** continue to be the order of the day, and farmers are suffering from a want of capital almost as badly now as they seemed to be a year ago. The value of land in a country of limited area such as England should have a normal set towards higher levels, but for the present at any rate there appears to be little hope of this being the case.

**WHITMORE HALL**, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, the seat of the Mainwaring family, has been partially destroyed by fire. The Mainwarings have not of late been living at the Hall, but the family heirlooms and paintings are still there, and these suffered some injury, although most of them escaped destruction.

**CATTLE SALES.**—The Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Polwarth, and the Hon. Baillie Hamilton combined to sell their shorthorn cattle at Floors Castle, Kelso. A good joint sale like this ought to have "drawn" well; but the reverse was the case, the twenty-seven head sold realising the poor average of 25s. 18s. 6d. The Duke of Roxburghe had the honour of making the top-price of the sale; though, as this top price was only 42s. for a roan four-year-old, the honour does not count for much. For breeders' sakes we hope other sales will show better prices.

**CHEESE.**—At Crewe, in Cheshire, an agricultural show will take place about a month hence; and cheese operations on a large scale are to be conducted in the showyard. Mr. Aston, of Tarporley, a trusted local authority, has promised to keep a full and detailed record of the operations as far as they can be of practical service to farmers. This is a good and truly educational plan, and we hope it will be vigorously supported.

**BARLEY** has been cut in Scotland, also a few early fields of oats. No wheat had been cut by the 12th as far as we have heard, and of course the other cereals are quite exceptional cases.

**WHEAT** of the new harvest usually first finds its way to Mark Lane from the home counties, or else to southern local markets such as Maidstone, Chichester, or Guildford. This year, however, we believe Suffolk has the pre-eminence. On Saturday last a sample of Suffolk wheat was shown and sold for 57s. per qr.; and we have heard of no earlier specimen of 1880 grain. New oatmeal has been shown at some of the northern markets.

**BOTANICAL.**—There have been two or three cases this year of potatoes where on the stem, in the axils of the leaves, the buds have developed into tubers of from half-an-inch to an inch in length. The celandine exhibits a form of growth somewhat similar to this unwanted development of the potato plant, for the leaf-buds in the axils of the leaves become bulbous, and, falling to the ground, germinate in due turn and form fresh plants.

**COACHING.**—Captain Blyth's "Defiance" ceases to run on 7th September, and some seventy horses will be sold at Tattersall's on the 27th of the same month. Last year Captain Blyth did 121 miles, Oxford to Cambridge *via* London. This year he has done 70 miles only, London to Brighton *via* Tunbridge Wells. Even with this reduced distance, however, the gallant captain remains the premier driver in the way of distance of all the coaches now running.

**FISH.**—A sturgeon recently taken near Swansea weighed 245lb. Its length was 8ft. 6 in., the girth round shoulders rather over four feet, and the whole fish was we believe the largest sturgeon ever landed on our coasts.

**AGRICULTURAL AND HARVEST NOTES.**—A correspondent asks us to "advise farmers to bind their corn in small sheaves; cart it early when the corn is dry and hot. If the grain is soft, no matter. The straw in barn or stack for two or three weeks will harden the grain, and the millers can grind it." New Talavera and other choice white wheat flour, says our correspondent, is in immediate request. It is so; and we fancy farmers do not greatly need to be told to make the best of their wheat soils or crops, or even how to secure the harvest. Thorough land drainage, resolute abandonment of unprofitable crops, and co-operation in buying and using machinery—these are the principal things which farmers require to have forced upon their attention. As regards the latter, much might be done, for the machine-hire bill is a heavy one, and as the work of good engines is done very quickly, several farmers might manage with the same machine. Of course there is with reaping machines the drawback that, where there is much twisted and laid corn as in the present year, hand labour has to be employed, and the engine is not used, for the laid and twisted fields.

**LUNG DISEASE IN CATTLE.**—The following treatment is strongly recommended. Give the animal attacked a dose of thirty drops of crystallised carbolic acid in half a soda bottle of raw linseed oil. This is the dose of a full-grown animal; it should be given at first three times a day, and should be gradually reduced to one dose a day till the animal is recovered. It is also useful to apply behind the shoulder blade low down over the lungs a blister made of half euphorbia juice and spirits of turpentine.

**A PROLIFIC GRAIN OF WHEAT.**—The Secretary to the Canterbury (New Zealand) Agricultural Association has at the Society's offices a crown containing seventy stalks grown from one grain of Hunter's White Wheat on Mr. Sowden's farm at Canterbury. Each head yielded an average of 56 plump grains of excellent wheat, or a total of 3,920 grains from a single seed. In the same field there were several crowns containing over fifty stalks.

**HEREFORD CATTLE**, which have for some time been going down in the estimation of English breeders, are finding increased appreciation on the other side of the Atlantic. They grow a fat back and a heavy hide well covered with hair, and this latter fact is especially useful in a hot, fly-pestered country like the great cattle-ranches of the United States. Hereford cattle seem in truth well adapted for a wild pastoral country, as they thrive better on an unmixt continuous grass food than any other English breed. A cargo of 143 head has just started for America.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Marquis of Abergavenny has accepted next year's Presidency of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Association.—An important Agricultural Show will be held at Dingwall, N.B., on the 18th of August. Five Northern societies have formed a joint show between them.—Mr. J. Kenyon has observed automatic movements in the fronds of a fern, *Asplenium trichomanes*. The movements were caused by changing the fern from a shaded place into sunlight, and consisted of a movement from side to side to an extent between 15 and 40 degrees, according to the strength of the light.—A white leveret has recently been taken in a wood near York, and has been preserved by Mr. Young, a local naturalist. It is perfectly white, and is a decided curiosity.



## CHURCH NEWS

**THE FRENCH JESUITS.**—Various rumours are current as to the intention of the French Jesuits settling in this country. Hales Place, Canterbury, the residence and property of Miss Barbara Hales, a Roman Catholic lady, is one of the buildings which are said to have been purchased by them for collegiate purposes, the price named being 24,000s.; another is the disused county gaol at Mold, Flintshire, which was sold last week for 3,400s. In the Jersey States Assembly a bill has been brought forward to prohibit the establishment of any scholastic institutions without the permission of the Assembly.

**THE NEW VICAR OF GREENWICH.**—The living of Greenwich, vacant by the death of Canon Miller, has been presented by the Queen to the Rev. Brooke Lambert, sometime curate of Christ Church, Preston, and subsequently curate of St. John's, Worcester, and of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, and Vicar of Tamworth.

**THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE** was brought to a close on Friday last week, one of the last subjects of consideration being the report of the Ecumenical Conference Committee, which was adopted, and a large committee of ministers and laymen was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for holding the assembly in England in the autumn of next year. It was agreed to change the title to "Ecumenical Congress."

**THE NEW CHURCH (SWEDENBORGIAN) CONFERENCE** of this year has just been held at Liverpool, the Rev. J. F. Potts, of Glasgow, being chosen president for the ensuing twelve months. The merits of the new hymn book, which has been two years in preparation, were discussed, and arrangements made for its publication after final revision. The Home and Foreign Missionary reports and some other Church matters were also considered; and it was

resolved to form a temperance organisation like that of the Church of England, the members to be divided into two classes, one to consist of total abstainers, and the other of persons pledged to moderation in the use of intoxicants.

**THE WORKS OF SWEDENBORG** were recently offered to the Free Library Committee of Blackpool and accepted by them, but when the report came before the Town Council the portion relating to the gift was rejected after a dubious debate as to the nature of the books, one member asking whether they were on religion, and another hazarding a guess that they referred to natural history. One member alone knew anything about them, and he assured his fellow councillors that there was "nothing profane in them."

**A TOO SENSITIVE CONSCIENCE.**—A Devonshire clergyman was the other day horsewhipped in the street by one of his parishioners for having "insulted him in his sermon," although the reverend gentleman assured him that his discourse on the text, "The Wages of Sin is Death," was a general one, and not intended for personal application. A summons for assault followed, but the charge was withdrawn on the defendant apologising, and paying a sum of money to a local hospital.



## LEGAL

**THE LONG VACATION** commenced on Monday. Baron Pollock and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge are the Vacation judges, the former taking the first half and the latter the remainder of the vacations. They will sit at the Old Judges' Chambers in Rolls Gardens.

**UNSEAWORTHY SHIPS.**—The failure of the prosecution in the case of "The Queen v. Garbutt" at the Swansea Assizes is substantially a severe censure upon the Board of Trade. The charge was that the defendant had sent his ship, the *Marlborough*, to sea overlaid, and therefore in an unseaworthy condition. But it was shown that he had actually applied to the Board for guidance as to her equipment and load-line, and had been coolly told that the department "did not advise owners and masters, and that they had no rules or regulations on such matters." This being the case, the defendant did his best to find out what was right, and the ship sailed several times from different British ports without any interference on the part of the officials of the Board. When, however, she had been lost, they commenced this prosecution, which has collapsed, as it deserved to do. The business of the Board of Trade should be to prevent the employment of unseaworthy vessels, not merely to punish shipowners for sending them out; and if it be a fact that at present "it is utterly impossible to say what is the minimum of safety" with regard to the Plimsoll mark, the sooner they set about settling the point the better.

**BOGUS REGISTRY OFFICES.**—There is, perhaps, no more cruel and heartless form of robbery than that practised by certain unprincipled adventurers, who extract fees from the pockets of hundreds of unfortunate men and women, on the false pretence of finding them employment. Advertisements of the most tempting character are regularly inserted in almost all the daily papers, and though the nature of the swindle has been over and over again exposed, and many of the harpies have been severely punished, the game is still far too profitable to be given up. The man before whose office a riot took place the other day, and who is now in custody on a charge of fraud, may turn out to be innocent. We hope so, both for his own sake and for the sake of the hundred poor fellows who, believing themselves to have been victimised, gathered clamorously in front of his door; but should he turn out to be guilty, we trust that he may be made an example of. Could not some scheme be devised by which these registry offices should be themselves registered, certain rules and regulations for the honest conduct of their business being made compulsory?

**PLEASANCE LOUISE INGLE**, the Guy's Hospital nurse, has been convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, without hard labour. The difference of opinion existing between Dr. Pavy and Sir William Gull as to the actual cause of death will probably be submitted to the College of Physicians, and, however that may be settled, it is high time that something should be done by the Governors of Guy's Hospital to reinstate the medical officers in that position of authority from which they should never have been driven. "Sisters" may be excellent rulers in a convent or other religious institution, but in a hospital—the purpose of which is the curing of bodily disease—they are utterly out of place.

**A MONEY-LENDING CASE** of a very curious character has just been adjudicated upon by the High Court of Chancery. The plaintiff, Lord George Montacute Nevill, a son of the Marquis of Abergavenny, had during his minority borrowed various sums of the defendant at very high interest, giving bills for much larger amounts than he received. As time passed on the difficulty of repayment increased, and ultimately the defendant commenced proceedings in bankruptcy, and wrote to the marquis informing him of his son's debt. The plaintiff thereupon commenced this action, praying that the securities held by the defendant might stand for the actual sum advanced, with interest at 5 per cent. The Court granted this prayer, considering that "the whole conduct of the defendant indicated that he was unconsciously inviting the plaintiff into his debt, and entangling him more and more deeply by unfair dealings in connection with the renewal of bills with the intention throughout of putting pressure upon the father for payment of the loans with usurious interest."

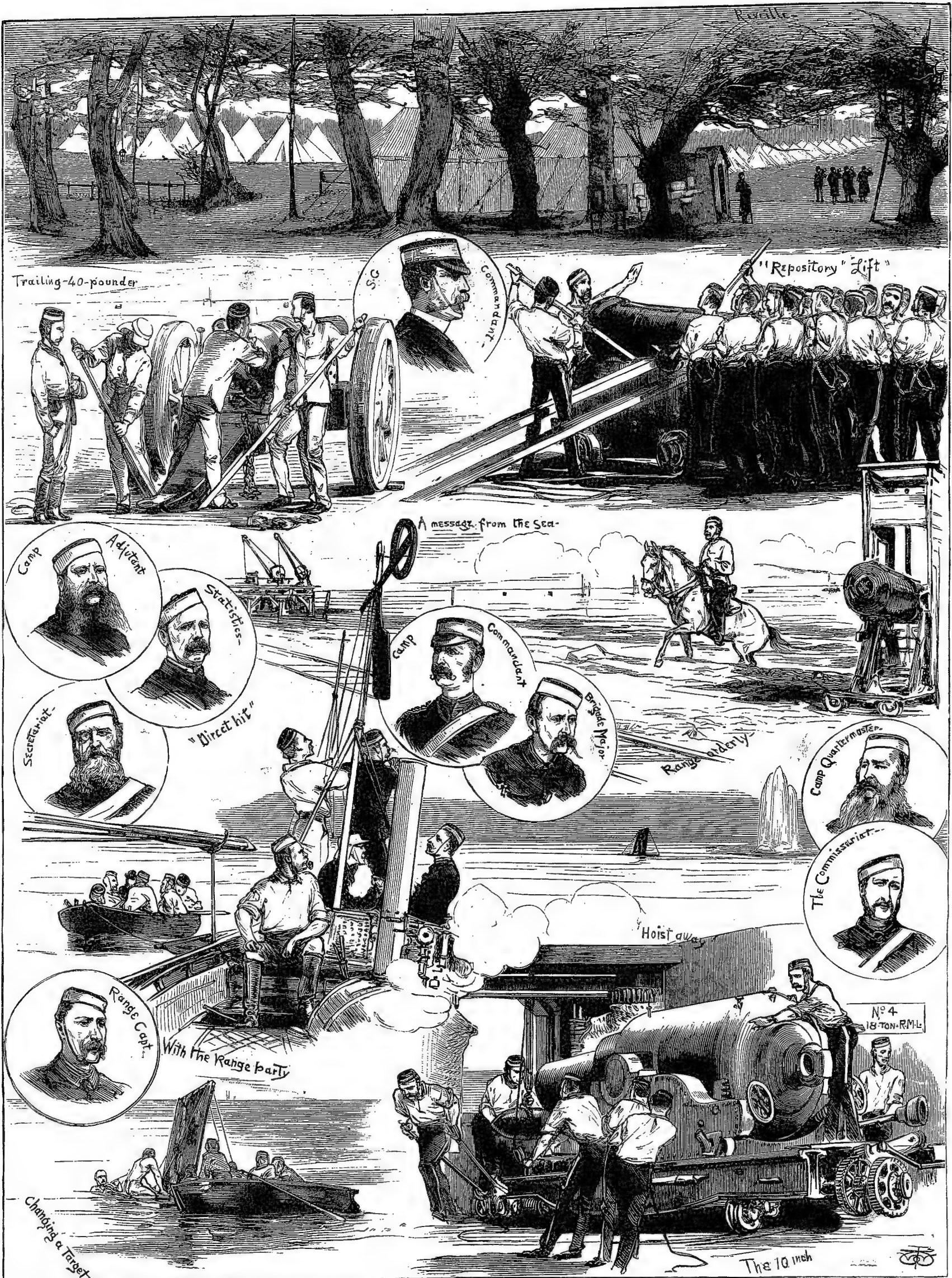
**AN TRASCIBLE AMAZON.**—At the Warwick Assizes one of Lord Clifton's gamekeepers has been awarded 50s. damages for an assault committed upon him by a lady who lives upon the estate, and carries on the business of a farmer and grocer. Some misunderstanding having arisen between the parties, the muscular lady knocked the gamekeeper down, hitting him a straight blow between the eyes. The poor man picked himself up and meekly walked away, merely remarking that she would "hear of it again." He had not gone far before she again knocked him down, this time into a sewer, and when he scrambled out she placed her arm around his neck, thus putting his head "into chancery," and pummelled him severely about the face. He was at length rescued by some friends, but not until he had been so maltreated as to necessitate his keeping his bed for three days.

**JEAN LUIE**, the man who during the Tichborne trial swore that he was on board the *Osprey* when "Roger Tichborne" was picked up, and identified the Claimant as the man, and who was afterwards convicted of perjury and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, was on Tuesday discharged from Portland Convict Prison on the completion of his sentence.

**FRAUDS AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.**—The Edmonton magistrates have just dealt with two curious cases, in which the lessee of the Alexandra Palace was the prosecutor. In the first case three young men were charged with stealing 217 refreshment tickets in order to issue them a second time, and thus pocket the proceeds. They all pleaded guilty, and, Mr. Willing mercifully declining to press the charge of conspiracy against them, they each got off with a fine of 3s. In the other case the accused, having induced a ticket clerk to leave his box by telling him that the superintendent wanted to see him immediately, was detected in the act of filling his

(Continued on page 174.)





THE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT SHOE BURYNNESS





DRAWN BY LUKE FILDÉS, A.R.A.

The little fellow was playing with Lancelot's watch-chain.

## LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &amp;c.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

#### IN THE ENGLISCHER GARTEN

"By heaven! I don't know how I am to wrench myself away. And yet, when the hour comes, I suppose I shall take my ticket and my seat, apologise to my opposite neighbour for the length of my legs, and look out of the window when the train moves off, with a face as stolid as if I was not leaving half my life and all my hopes on the banks of the Isar!"

"Whilst I, being only a woman, may lock myself into my room and cry my eyes out. That is, at all events, one of our few privileges—we can howl without disgrace."

They were rambling in the Englischer Garten, beyond which, on the other side of the river, the Kreutzmanns lived. Having had their portraits taken the other day by a Munich daguerreotypist, they had this morning fetched the miniatures from the studio; two of those exquisitely delicate and tenderly tinted heads on silvered plates which we all, with so much justice, admired for a few years, while they were in fashion. And now, although it was midday, and Winifred was due at the pastor's dinner-table, the lovers still went lingeringly to and fro under the big trees whose barren boughs, clear cut against the sunshine, marbled the path with shadows.

For Lancelot was going back to England by the evening mail; and this was their last walk together.

They had the 'place' to themselves, too; for it was universal "mittag's-essen" in Munich's streets, and squares, and parks were all deserted. There was no one to observe them; no one to listen to them. They could ramble and talk as they pleased—such disjointed, delicious talk as lovers are wont to indulge in; all retrospect and project, all castle-building and dream-weaving, interspersed with, "Do you remember?" and "Did you suspect?" and "Shall you ever forget?"

"I can't say that I have ever yet arrived at howling-point," said Lancelot, replying to Winifred's exposition of the privileges of her sex; "but I know I felt bad enough that day when I left you sitting in the porch, and knew I should not see you again for a week. You remember how I lingered? I could not bear to say 'Good-bye.' My heart was filled with an immense tenderness and pity for you. I longed to take you in my arms—to tell you how I would try to make up to you for all you had lost. Yet I dared not. Your sorrow seemed to stand between us. But I took your hand, dearest—Do you remember? I took your hand; and while I held it, I said to you,—silently, but with such intensity of purpose that I could actually hear the words in my mind—'I love you—I love you—I love you!' I wanted to make you feel what I was saying. If you had looked at me, you would have known it

all; but you never lifted your eyes. You did not even say, 'Good-bye!'

"I tried; but the words would not come."

"Did the week seem long to you? It seemed like a month to me. Ah, if you had known with what a heavy heart I turned away!"

"You thought I did not care?"

"By Jove! I didn't know what to think. You let me go without a look—without a word!"

"But I waited in the porch—thinking you would come back."

"Had I known that, I would have come back, though I had got half way to Munich!"

"But you rode away; and I listened till the last echo of your horse's hoofs died in the distance. How lonely I felt when I could hear them no longer!"

"And now you will be lonely again, when I am gone!"

"Lonely—yes; but it will not be the loneliness of desolation, as that was. You will write to me, and I shall write to you. There will always be a letter to receive or to answer. And the Kreutzmanns will be very good to me; and, above all, I shall have occupation! You don't know how hard I mean to work, or how I will strive to make the most of Herr Krüger's teaching. I shall want you to praise my progress when you come back at Easter!"

"But, my dear love, how shall I judge of your progress? You forget that you have never allowed me to see a single sketch."

"How could I show my feeble attempts to a great artist like you?"

Now, when Winifred called him a "great artist," Lancelot, as if by way of protest, drew her hand through his arm, and there he held it, caressingly.

"Ah, no!" he said. "I am not a great artist. I shall never be a great artist—now."

She looked up inquiringly. The momentary shade of hesitation, of regret, caught her ear at once.

"Why 'now'?" she said. "What do you mean by 'now'?"

"I mean that the conditions of my life are changed, and changed in a way that is fatal to my prospects as a painter. Art tolerates no divided duty. A man must give his whole soul to it—his whole time—his whole powers of observation, of memory, of comparison, of study. Even so, the thing he does must always fall short of the thing he had hoped to do. The greatest painters who ever lived, spent their lives, we may be certain, in the vain pursuit of an unattainable ideal. But, at all events, they did so spend their lives. They worked at least as hard as if they had been masons, or plumbers, or joiners. Now, my chances of doing such fair and honest work are over. I am no longer free. I have other duties—duties dry

and distasteful enough for the most part; but they are duties, and I cannot escape from them."

"What sort of duties? And why need they interfere with your art that you so dearly love? Do you mean your Parliamentary duties? Surely there are Lords enough at Westminster to pass bills and make speeches, without you?"

"I don't mean my Parliamentary duties," he said, smiling; "though they must, of course, count for something. I mean my duties as a landlord. There is a world of work of one sort and another involved in the management of a large estate; and in my case, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the last four years, the work falls just so much the heavier. You have no idea of the arrears of business I shall have to wade through when I get back to England."

"But when that wading is done and over, you will be free to take up your own work again?"

"I shall never be free, my darling, as I was before," said Lancelot, with a sigh. "How is it possible? Look at the tenants—could I leave their interests in the hands of stewards and lawyers? I must do as Cuthbert would have done—and what I know he intended to do. There is his pet project of reclaiming the Danebury Marshes; that will be the work of years. Above all, there are those wretched 'dark-folk,' who need reclaiming more than the Marshes!"

"You will never succeed in civilising the 'dark-folk.'"

"I mean to try, anyhow. Think of what they are—a predatory horde, as ignorant as savages; as lawless as banditti. How can I harbour such a godless lot, and not try to make them better? If ever a plain duty stared me in the face, Winifred, it is this."

And then he went on to tell her of the things he purposed doing. On a certain part of the moor, where springs were abundant and the soil was less barren than elsewhere, he meant to found a new colony. This colony—it would be too widely scattered to be called a village—would consist of a number of detached cottages, dotted here and there over the space of about two square miles; each with its bit of garden ground, and all within easy distance of a small church and school-house. The cottages once built, he meant to pull down all the old cabins, so compelling his 'dark-folk' to settle down into something like a community. This done, it would be comparatively easy to draw their children to the schoolhouse; and though the parents would probably be irreclaimable to the last, the young ones would, at all events, grow up in habits of decency and order. Thus a new condition of things would gradually be established, and in the course of another generation or two, the vagabond traditions of the race would be forgotten.



"You and I may not live to see it, Winifred," said Lancelot; "but our grandchildren will surely do so."  
 "It is a good work," said the girl, warmly. "I would not have you leave it undone for all the world!"  
 "And then I have thought that the church and schoolhouse might stand there, dear, in remembrance. . . ."

His voice faltered.  
 "In remembrance of—Cuthbert?"  
 "Ay; in remembrance of Cuthbert. I have sketched a design for the buildings, and I have sent it to an architect for correction. It will be an out-of-the-way spot to live in; but there will be real work to do, and an earnest man—such a man as your friend, Mr. Pennefeather, for instance—would not think his life ill-spent in doing it."

Winifred looked up eagerly, as if about to speak; but checked herself, and waited.

"It seems premature to talk of giving away the living before the church is built," said Lancelot; "but I think you would perhaps like me to offer it to Mr. Pennefeather?"

"Oh, Lancelot! it is what I would have asked, if I had dared."  
 "I can afford to make it worth his acceptance. I mean, in fact, to devote the revenue of the past four years to these matters. The money has been accumulating in Marrables' hands, and I, of course, have not touched a penny of it. It makes a big sum altogether—more than enough to drain the marshes, build the new colony, and endow the living. I suppose the Pennefeathers would think themselves passing rich with a snug vicarage, a dozen acres of glebe, and four or five hundred a year?"

Winifred could hardly speak for joy. That her lover should serve her friends was even sweeter to her than if she could have served them herself. How happy they would be, and how happy it made her to think of their happiness! Already, in her mind's eye, she saw the good husband and wife active, earnest, helpful, reclaiming the fallen and guiding the footsteps of the weak. Already she saw Mrs. Pennefeather released from the drudgery of cheap novel-writing; the children provided with a governess; the overworked father able now and then to take a well-earned holiday!

Fain would she have written to her friend that very day, that very hour; but Lancelot bound her over to silence. She must wait till the plans were ready, the ground marked out, and the endowment papers drawn up. All this would take at least a month.

"There is one other good deed that you must remember to do for my sake, Lancelot," she said, presently. "I want you to befriend poor Lettice Leigh."

"What do you wish me to do for her?"

"Well, to take care of her—to see that she and her poor little child want neither for food nor firing. That cottage is a mere ruin."

"I beg your pardon. The cottage is perfectly weathertight—roof and flooring repaired; windows glazed and shuttered; new doors; new fastenings; new kitchen-range; everything complete and comfortable."

"You have done all this?"

"Did you not bid me turn out the ghost and mend the roof; and am I not the Slave of the Lamp?"

"You are my fairy prince, all generosity and goodness!"

With this, they drifted back into the old strain of lovers' talk; comparing their miniatures; promising to write by every alternate post; forgetting the hour, the place, and everything but each other.

"The features are yours—the eyes, the dear, true eyes, are yours," he said, holding the daguerreotype this way and that, to get it in a favourable light. "And yet, as with all these things, there is a ghostly unlikeness about it. I wonder if I shall ever succeed in making a decent portrait of you!"

"You must try, some day," she said, smiling.

"I have tried, dozens of times—in chalks, in oils, in water-colours; profiles, front-faces, three-quarters! I was always trying—and failing. What chance had I, when I never had a sitting?"

"You never asked for one."

"I dared not. Yet sometimes I caught a touch of likeness that pleased me—a look of the eyes, perhaps—a turn of the head! I have an old Shakespeare at home, the margins scrawled all over with you, as Ophelia, as Imogen, Cordelia, Portia, Miranda. You little thought how many Shakespeare heroines you played for me, dearest, in those bygone days!"

The girl looked up at him; and as she looked, the tears came to her eyes.

"Lancelot," she said, "you must not give up painting. You will never be happy, if you do. It is your vocation."

He shook his head.

"I won't be half an artist, Winifred. Besides, you must not forget that if Fortune takes from me with the one hand, she bestows infinitely more upon me with the other. I give up Art; and I gain—you."

"But—but if you would have been happier the other way!" she said, looking aside.

"The other way"—meaning without you whom I have loved from my boyhood? I could almost say, Winifred, that that is unkind."

"You know I do not mean it unkindly! But men are so different to women. Love is the woman's life—the beginning and end of all her hopes and fears; but the man's vocation, the man's ambition, are more to him than love."

"My vocation, as you call it, is ruled by circumstances over which neither you nor I have any control," said Lancelot, gravely. "If I could have chosen—if I could have carved out my destiny, following my heart's desire, I would have been your husband, dear, and a painter; not very poor, because poverty is disagreeable; not very rich either, except in love, and hope, and perhaps in fame. And I would have lived in Italy; for Italy is the artist's paradise, and the land of my earliest recollections. That would have been my dream. But it is a dream that could never have been realised. So long as I was free to be a painter, an impassable gulf divided your life from mine; and the change that left you free made me—what I now am. To sigh after an impossible combination of circumstances would be folly, and worse than folly. I am here with work to do, and the will to do it, and your love to make me happy. Not to be a Raphael or a Titian, would I change back to where I was before."

Winifred said nothing; but the slight pressure of her hand upon his arm was answer enough.

So they strolled on for some moments in silence; understanding each other thoroughly, and very happy.

"I have often thought," he said, presently, "that Fate committed one of her grand mistakes when she disposed of Cuthbert's lot and mine. Never were two squarer men successively wedged into a round hole. He, poor dear fellow! cared no more about being a lord than I do. In fact, I think it bored him almost more than it bores me. I want to be an artist; he wanted to be a sailor. A sailor he was, too—a born sailor. The sea was his element; and as for navigation, I don't believe there was a yachtsman in Europe to equal him. I used to say that no one really knew Cuthbert who hadn't seen him on board his own boat in a gale of wind. Did I ever tell you about that storm off Cape Matapan? I mean, when I made that trip with him to the Ionian Islands five years ago. It came sweeping down the Adriatic and caught us in the Straits of Otranto, half-way between the two coasts. We ran before it all the way to Corfu. I shall never forget it, or his coolness—his hand on the tiller—his eye on the needle—only a word of command now

and then, brief and ringing and stern—and the boat obeying the helm, like a good horse under a good rider. You said something just now about a man's vocation: that was his vocation—just as Art is mine. Yes; fate misplaced us both—gave us what other men coveted, and withheld from us the things we ourselves coveted. He cared nothing for riches—no more do I. Politics bored him; and they bore me. The House of Lords was his bugbear; and it is mine. People used to say that he and I were curiously different; but it seems to me that we were curiously alike. What do you think?"

"I think you were as unlike as any two brothers could well be," said Winifred, speaking with that painful constraint that always came upon her when the conversation took this turn.

"You also? But in what way?"

"In every way."

"No, no—that is too vague, and too sweeping. I know we were alike in some things; and I only wish, for my own sake, that we were alike in more."

Winifred was silent. What could she say? To her the lost Lord Brackenbury had always seemed immeasurably older than Lancelot; and as grave and dry as Lancelot was genial and joyous. She respected him; she admired him; she was half afraid of him—but she could never have loved him. To tell Lancelot this was impossible.

"He had ten times more character than I have," the young man continued, warming as he went on; "more character—more judgment—more determination—more tenacity. He was the sort of fellow who, when he had once made up his mind, never wavered. If it had been his duty to fire a mine, he would have put on his hat, walked in as coolly, and struck his match as deliberately, as if he had been lighting a cigarette."

"I quite believe that," said Winifred.

"He was ever so much more worthy of you, dear, than I am."

The constrained look went out of her face, and, with a child-like smile, she laid her cheek against his shoulder.

"You shall not disparage my hero," she said.

They were standing on the landward side of a giant oak which grew so close to the water's edge that its spreading boughs shadowed the path on the one side and overhung the water on the other. The stream—an arm of the Isar—edded swiftly by, hastening to rejoin the river. Not a soul was in sight; not a sound of the city was audible. They were apparently as much alone as if they had been cast upon a desert island.

So Lancelot made the only answer that could well be made to words so sweet. He kissed her.

Perhaps his eyes looked lingeringly into hers; perhaps their lips met more than once. At all events, it was one of those foolish, fond, delightful moments, so prosaic in prose, so poetic in poetry, when nothing in life seems worth living for, or dying for, but love. Moments so few, so brief, so precious, that it was hard they should be interrupted—by a cough.

## CHAPTER L.

### THEIR FIRST QUARREL

CIRCUMSPECTLY emerging from behind the tree-trunk, the owner of the cough (and a more discreetly modulated cough never proceeded from human lips) discovered only a young lady buttoning her glove, and a young man staring vacantly at the sky. He was an old gentleman, small, shrivelled, bright-eyed, with a book under his arm, and a scrap of ribbon in his button-hole. He must have been standing just at the other side of the big tree, on the very brink of the river; and being, doubtless, unwilling to assist unseen at so exceedingly private a conversation, had no choice between making his appearance and walking into the water.

He smiled—he would surely have been more than mortal if he could have helped it! But the lovers looked as lovers look when they are caught; red, and shy, and somewhat indignant.

"*Et ego in Arcadia vixi*," said the little old gentleman, lifting his hat, and walking briskly away.

For a moment they were both silent. Then Lancelot laughed uncomfortably.

"By Jove! now," he ejaculated, "who would have dreamed of that aged fossil being stowed away round the corner, like a light-comedy parent behind a screen at the end of the third act?"

"What did he say?"

"He quoted a Latin line from a picture of Nicolo Poussin's, —'*et ego in Arcadia vixi*;' which means 'And I too lived in Arcadia.' I presume he wished to imply that at some remote period in the early history of mankind, he had himself been young, and in love."

"How pretty!"

"Well, yes—and aptly quoted. I wonder who he is!"

"Tell me what the picture is like, Lancelot."

Lancelot wished the old gentleman and his Latinity at the bottom of the sea. Nevertheless, he did his best to describe the famous painting—the shepherds who have discovered an antique tomb—the kneeling man who reads, tracing the epitaph with his finger—the maiden standing by, with her hand on her lover's shoulder—the simple awe and wonder in the face of the boy who leans upon his crook, listening—the classic grouping—the clear, still sky—the trees and distant mountains, which have a look of belonging to the young days of the world.

Winifred listened breathlessly.

"Where is this picture?" she asked.

"In the Louvre."

"It must be one of the most beautiful pictures in the world!"

"Don't think that, or when you see it, you will be disappointed. It is not very beautiful; in fact, it is scarcely to be called beautiful in any sense. But it is purely ideal, purely classical—a Theocritan idyll on canvas."

"How many great pictures there are, waiting for me to see them!" said Winifred.

"And for me to show them to you."

"And what wonderful places!"

"To which I will take you."

Still strolling slowly, they had now come to where a broad road opened down towards the bridge leading to the Baths of Brunnthal; and this was their direct way back to Pastor Kreutzmann's house. But Lancelot made as if he would still keep on through the park.

"Let us go a little further," he said. "I have something more to say to you; and it is our last walk!"

"But it must be one o'clock."

"It is nearly two; and as you may be quite sure that our good friends dined at least one hour ago, you need not scruple to stay a few minutes longer."

"Do you know that we have been out since half-past ten?"

"And when shall we be out together again? Not for three months, Winifred. It is a long time to look forward to."

"The time will pass more quickly for you than for me," she said.

"It is not half so hard to go, as to be left behind."

"Are you so sure of that? To be left behind is to submit to fate, and partakes of the inevitable. To go is like wrenching out one's own tooth, or pulling the string of a shower-bath. But, dear, it rests with you to make our parting many degrees less bitter."

"With me! How can I do that?"

"By promising me that when we next meet, it shall be to part no more."

"Are you not coming at Easter?"

"At Easter—if I live and breathe."

"But—but at Easter . . . it is impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"Need you ask?—it is only three months hence."

Then, despite that unlucky episode of the old gentleman and his cough—an episode which, for the moment, seriously imperilled the gravity of the situation—Lancelot became eloquent with a lover's eloquence. Situated as they two were situated, separated by distance as well by time, three months were as long to them as three years would be to most others. Why need they wait longer? Already six weeks had gone by since Miss Langtreys' death; and by Easter, the lapse of time would be nearer to five months than four. By what law of custom, by what scruple of affection, or sorrow, or common-sense, was Winifred called upon to defer her marriage beyond that period? For himself, no time could possibly be so convenient as the Easter recess. In the three months now intervening, he would wind up his brother's affairs and despatch his own arrears of business. The new cottages would meanwhile be built, and the new church be so far advanced that he could safely leave it to be finished in his absence. Then, marrying in April, they would remain abroad through the summer; or, if she preferred it, they could stay away till her year of mourning should expire. Besides, he had promised himself that he would take her to Greece and Italy for their wedding journey; and for Greece and Italy there was no time like the last of the spring and the first of the summer. Should they not take their happiness when the birds take theirs, "in the sweet o' the year"?

But still she would not.

"It is too soon," she said again. "It will be time enough next spring."

Next spring! This was too much.

"Good heavens! Winifred," he said vehemently, "you cannot be serious! Life is not long enough for such procrastination. If, like the early Chaldean kings, we had forty-three thousand years of wisdom and usefulness to look forward to, the thing would be different. Then

I would  
Love you ten years before the Flood,  
And you should, if you pleased, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews;

But unfortunately for us, life has become ridiculously short since those days. You forget, child, that time is going, that youth is fleeting, that the hours once struck are past for ever. You forget that we are alone, absolutely alone in the world—you and I! We have no one to please but each other. Why, then, when Fate no longer divides us, shall we be so unmindful of the uncertainties of life as to divide ourselves? Besides, who shall say what another year may bring forth? For my own part, I shall never feel really safe, till I have put the ring upon your finger."

"What do you mean by 'safe'?" she said, her cheek flushing, her eye kindling indignantly. "Do you suppose I am incapable of remaining constant for a year?"

Now this was not in the least what Lancelot meant; but before he could explain himself, their conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Frau Kreutzmann hastening towards them with her hands uplifted and a face beaming over with smiles.

"Ach, lieber Gott! Well met, truant and runaways! We thought you were lost, and made sure we should have to write up a description of you at the Polizei! And have you had nothing to eat all these hours? So—so, Fraulein Winifred, you must be fainting away, dear child, with hunger. We waited dinner till the *braten* was almost spoiled—a beef *braten* it was, with apple-sauce and mushrooms; and though it was of my own cooking, I must say it was a dish for the king! We had hoped, too, as it was the Herr Baron's last day in Munich, that he would come in and take a bit of our family dinner. Yes, my gracious lord, and I made a raspberry-jam *kuchen* on purpose; for I remembered you praised the raspberry-jam *kuchen* the night of our Christmas party. But truly, it's dreadful to think that you are both fasting all this time, and have not had so much as a biscuit! However, I will turn back with you at once, and in five minutes we will warm up a bit of dinner. No, no, no—it's not a trouble, but a pleasure! My business will wait. I was only going to the Holtz-Garten to order in a load or two of brush-wood; and that will do to-morrow as well as to-day. On my word, I could not be happy if I didn't go home with you, and see you comfortable."

So the good soul turned back with them, and Lancelot, after trying in vain to edge in a word, or even a look, of explanation, fell moodily into the rear. Then, when they reached the house, the two girls swooped down upon Winifred, and carried her off to her own room; Frau Kreutzmann bustled away to the kitchen; and the "Herr Baron" was left to amuse himself as best he could in the absent pastor's study.

It was their first misunderstanding, and he was proportionately disconsolate; for in the matter of lovers' quarrels, as in most other terrible and cataclysmal phenomena, familiarity breeds the habit of contempt. Dwellers on the slopes of Etna and the plateaux of Mexico are apt to think lightly of eruptions and earthquakes; and Lancelot would probably have felt less miserable on the present occasion, if his courtship had been enlivened by the average amount of skirmishing. As it was, he took up first one book, then another; walked restlessly about the room; listened to every footfall; and was quite chopfallen when half an hour went by, and no Winifred appeared.

At length Frau Kreutzmann came herself to summon him to dinner; and a wonderful improvisation that dinner was, consisting of soup, fish, a *rechauffé* of the *braten*, a winter salad, and the remains of the raspberry *kuchen*. But Winifred was silent and would not look at him; and their good hostess chattered incessantly; and her nieces waited upon the guests; and they were not left alone for a moment. Then coffee was brought; and Lancelot, looking at his watch, saw with dismay that it was already four o'clock, and that if he was to get back to the Hotel Maulick in time to pack his portmanteau, pay his bill, and catch the five-thirty express, he must be gone in something less than a quarter of an hour.

"Will you let me speak to you for a moment, Winifred, before I go?" he said, going over to the window where she was standing with Brenda, looking out upon the darkening sky.

"By all means."

"But—alone?"

She said nothing; but kept her face coldly averted.

Lancelot looked imploringly at Brenda; and Brenda, remembering that these would be their last moments together before parting, beckoned to the others to follow her, and slipped out of the room.

Then Lancelot spoke hurriedly and earnestly. The words that offended her had escaped him unawares. He had not intended to utter them—he was bitterly sorry that he had uttered them; but she had entirely misapprehended their import. To imply doubt of her constancy was of all things the farthest from his thoughts. He believed in her, he trusted her, as he believed and trusted in honour, love, truth itself!

Still she kept her face averted.

"What did you mean, then?" she asked, in a somewhat softened tone.

He hesitated.

"Can you not guess?"

Again she was silent.

"Do you not understand . . . that . . . that . . . Good heavens! Winifred, after waiting, praying, hoping in vain for four long years, shall I now be such a wretch as to feel that if my brother came back to life I could not bid him welcome?"



"Lancelot!"  
 "But once you are my wife . . . then—ah! now you know what I meant!"  
 "Yes, now I know!" she sobbed, clasping his neck and weeping on his breast. "Dearest, forgive me!"  
 "And you will promise me, my angel—in the spring?"  
 "Yes, I promise—in the spring."

## CHAPTER LI.

## A VICTORY

LANCELOT made but one journey of it from Munich to London, and thence went straight to Old Court without stopping. Here he immediately became overwhelmed with business; yet he did not therefore forget Winifred's charge to him, nor his own promise, to be good to Lettice Leigh. He had not, in fact, been three days at home before he paid her a visit.

He had been over to see one of his tenants at a place which rejoiced in the poetical name of Hogsclough Farm, and so rode back by way of the Ridge. By the time he reached Abel Brunt's cottage, the afternoon was wearing towards dusk. There was, however, still light enough to show him how thoroughly his orders had been carried out in the way of roofing and repairing, and how completely Horace Cochrane's chosen sketch had lost all claim to the picturesque of dilapidation.

Half smiling as he thought of the dismay that would come into his friend's countenance when he should next see the place under its restored aspect, Lancelot tied his horse up to the little gate, and knocked upon the door with the handle of his riding whip.

Not till he had knocked a second time, was he answered by a woman's voice asking:—  
 "Was there?"

He announced himself; and the bolts were slowly drawn back. "You have not forgotten me, Lettice?" he said, coming in with his bright, assured look.

She stood before him, silently down-looking.  
 "I wanted to see if they had made the cottage comfortable for you," he went on, casting a rapid glance round the dim little kitchen. "What a poor fire you have! I bade Moreton send you up a load of wood—hasn't it come yet?"

A three-legged stool and an old box turned upside down, by way of seats, an ancient worm-eaten table from the lumber-stores at The Grange, a few cracked plates and mugs on a shelf, a straw palliase covered with an old rug in one corner, and a piece of much-mended carpet on the hearth, were all the furniture the room contained. But there was a cat asleep before the fire, which gave a more home-like look to the place; and in the window-seat there crouched a little boy, staring with bright wide-open eyes at the strange gentleman.

"I moind ye weel, Maister La'celot," she said at length.  
 "It must be six or eight years since we last met, Lettice. We are both changed since then."

She put a couple of logs on the fire, and dusted the stool with her apron.

"I've gettin' nowt but a cricket for ye to set on, sir," she said. But he still stood looking round, enquiringly.

"You are very comfortable here," he said. "Is that your bed? And have you no warmer coverings? You should not have been in such destitution all these weeks, if I had known it."

"We'n had roof an' foir, Maister La'celot—an' we'n knowed what 'tis to be wi'out either."

"I'm sorry to hear it. I'll send you down a cart-load of necessities to-morrow."

The woman looked at him furtively from under her black brows. "I dunno' why ye should fash y'oursel' fur the loikes of us, sir," she muttered.

"I'll tell you why. Because you are one of our own people; and because Miss Winifred especially desired me to look after you."

"Did Miss Winifred think o' we?" she asked, with a touch of eagerness in her voice.

"She did, Lettice. And besides these reasons, I think—I fear—that you have a special claim upon my compassion."

All this time, he had, apparently, taken no notice of the child; but now he went over to the window, and patted the little fellow on the cheek.

"What is your name, my man?"  
 The boy stared at him shyly, without answering.

"Is it Samuel? Samuel Leigh? Ah, I thought as much. Lettice, my girl, I know your trouble, and I am heartily sorry for you."

She shrunk back, as if she had been struck.  
 "I don't want no pity," she said, fiercely. "I on'y ask folk to let me be."

"If I have hurt your feelings, Lettice, I beg your pardon."  
 He said this with extreme gentleness. Then, after a moment, he added:—

"If any one has the right to name this painful subject to you, Lettice, it is I. The man was a heartless scoundrel; and but for us, you would never have known him. You have a claim to help and kindness at my hands."

She stood silent, with averted face.

"Had my brother lived, and had he come to know of it, as I did, months and months after, he would have seen you righted. Do you ever hear from him?"

She shook her head.

"Has he never done anything for you—nor for his child?"

She tried to speak; but the words caught her breath and turned to sobs.

Then, knowing that it was best to let her weep, if she could weep, Lancelot drew the boy to his knee, talking to him softly and kindly; while the logs blazed up and lit the room, and the twilight gathered outside. Lettice Leigh, meanwhile, her face buried in her hands, strove vainly to choke back the tears that now came thick and fast.

"I'd—I'd liefer ha' cut my hand off, than g'ien away thus!" she said, dashing the drops angrily from her eyes. "But—but whan ye coom to ax me 'bout the child—the child that's worse nor fatherless . . . But there! I'll answer yer question, Maister La'celot. 'T' fayer's ne'er doon nowt for un—ne'er laid eyes on 'un—ne'er keered to know whether a' were born wick or dead! Mony's the toime we'n been welly clemmed wi' hunger and cold; but 'twar nowt to un, so long as un 'ud gotten shut on us!"

"Neither you nor your boy shall know cold or hunger again, my poor girl."

The little fellow, grown suddenly friendly, was playing with Lancelot's watch-chain. She looked; and as she looked, her face and her voice softened.

"God bless you, sir," she said. "Ye're my-lord now, they tell me."

"Ay, Lettice—to my sorrow."

He sighed, passing his hand over the child's hair, and staring absently at the fire.

Then there was a long silence.

"Did ye see nowt on him whan ye went out, four year ago?" she asked suddenly.

His thoughts were far away, and the question startled him.

"Did I see him?"

For the moment, he thought only of his brother. Then, meeting her wistful eyes, he took her meaning.

(1) Cricket—a three-legged stool. (2) Welly clemmed—almost starved.  
 (3) Fash—trouble. (4) Gotten shut—got rid of.

"Did I see Prouting? Yes, surely—I saw him. He was with me for some weeks."

"An'—an' then?"

"And then, when I was about to come back to England, he took service with a new master."

"Out there?"

"Yes—in Genoa. I gave him a character, in fact—a better character than he deserved."

"Genoa!" she repeated, as if trying to fix the name in her memory. "Genoa!"

"Ah, but he was leaving there immediately. The gentleman who engaged him was an American, bound, if I remember rightly, for New York."

"Then—then where 'ull a' be now, sir, d'ye think?" she asked tremulously.

Lancelot shook his head.

"Who can say? Wages are high over there—perhaps he is still in America. But, indeed, Lettice, you must resolve to forget him."

Then with a few last kindly words, the young man rose to go.

"If you are lonely here," he said, "I can put you into some other cottage, where you will be near neighbours. Would you better like to live at Danebridge, or in Langtry village?"

"I don't want no neebors. I'd liefer bide where I be."

"You are not afraid here?"

"Why should I be afraid? The dead don't coom back."

He smiled.

"Nay," he said, "I was not thinking of poor Abel Brunt, nor yet of his ghost. I was thinking of the living."

"I bayn't afear'd o' the livin', nayther," she said, with one of her fierce looks.

"It is a solitary place."

"No pleece can't be too lonesome for me, sir."

"As you like, my girl. If any one interferes with you, you have but to let me know, and I will move you elsewhere. You are right, at all events, to draw your bolts betimes."

With this, he slipped some silver into the child's hand and went to the door.

"I draa's 'em, sir; but I aw'm nowt skeert, 'aw the same," she said, following him to the gate. "Besides, folk be delicate 'abite 3 coomin' this road arter sun-down."

"I will tell Miss Winifred that I have seen you, Lettice," he said, as he swung himself into the saddle. "Shall I give her any message? I shall be writing to-night."

"To Miss Winifred?"

"Yes, to Miss Winifred."

"Ye mun tell her little Sam's doin' gradely,"<sup>4</sup>

"Nothing more?"

"I've nowt else to say, sir."

"May I not tell her that you have made up your mind about sending the boy to school, Lettice? That's what Miss Winifred has set her heart upon."

She stood with her hand on the gate, sullenly hesitating.

"Eh, then," she said, at length, "if so be's Miss Winifred's sot her heart on't, I spose she munna be gainsaid."

And so, as he rode away in the gloaming, Lancelot felt that he had achieved a victory.

He found a post-bag full of letters awaiting him, when he got back to Old Court. Only three days at home, and yet the whole world seemed to know of his return! Here were circulars from Singleton, Birmingham, Crewe, and Manchester tradesmen; notices of subscriptions due to all kinds of charitable institutions, local museums, libraries, schools, and the like; begging-letters from parsons in want of bells, porches, organs, and general repairs; and Christmas bills without number.

Having heard from Winifred by the morning mail, Lancelot knew that he was guilty of an act of weakness when he turned over this pile of miscellaneous matter, in search of a possible second letter. No such second letter, however, was there to be found; the only grains of corn in the midst of all this chaff being a business note from Mr. Marrables, and an official envelope addressed in the somewhat studied handwriting of his friend, Mr. Horace Cochrane.

Leaving the rest to be glanced through after dinner, Lancelot put these two in his pocket, and read them in his dressing-room. The lawyer's communication was brief enough, and related to an appointment for the following day. Cochrane's letter was long, written with evident care, and ran as follows:—

"Wax and Wafer Department, Downing Street,  
 "January —, 18—.

"MY DEAR BRACKENBURY,

"A piece of news which in a manner concerns you, and which may very materially concern me, has just come to my knowledge. Sir Grimsby Turnbull, for reasons connected, as I understand, with some great engineering project in British Guiana, is about to accept the Chiltern Hundreds. The Brackenbury Iron Company will consequently lose its Chairman, and Singleton its M.P."

"Now, my dear Brackenbury, I know that your political opinions are not very pronounced; and that Sir Grimsby, being a Liberal, was understood to be indebted to your tolerance for his seat, two years ago. Still, I think I am right in assuming that where the representation of your own Borough is concerned, you would prefer that a Conservative candidate should be returned; and if I were that Conservative candidate, I venture also to believe that your regard for myself would lead you to give me something more than a merely nominal support."

"It may, perhaps, surprise you that, being only a Government official with limited private means, I should think of entering public life. But, in truth, it is not that I seek to achieve greatness; but that I find greatness, if not actually thrust upon me, at all events suggested to me by my superiors in office. In a private conversation the other day with the chief of my Department, I was informed that Lord Glendinning was especially anxious just now to strengthen the hands of the Government in any direction where an opening might occur; and that Mr. Bazalgette had singled me out as one of the 'rising men' who would be likely to render the sort of service which is needed in the House. Then this morning came the news that Singleton would shortly be vacated; and I thought I could not do better than write to you at once."

"I need not say how pleased I shall be, if you approve of the idea, or how anxiously I await your reply."

"Ever, my dear Brackenbury,  
 "Yours faithfully and truly,  
 "HORACE COCHRANE."

"To the Lord Brackenbury."

To this letter, Lancelot replied in six lines:—

"Old Court, Jan. —, 18—.

"MY DEAR COCHRANE,

"Because Sir Grimsby Turnbull was Chairman of the Iron Company, and because my brother had promised to back him if ever the opportunity should arise, I did not oppose his election. But I am glad to hear he is going."

"Come down to Old Court whenever it suits you, and I will put you through."

"Yours ever,  
 "BRACKENBURY."

(To be continued.)

(1) Skeert—scared. (2) D'licate—delicate, i.e. unwilling. (3) Abite—about. (4) Gradely—well, excellently.

## NEW NOVELS

"WOOLERS AND WINNERS; OR, UNDER THE SCARS:"  
 Yorkshire Story, by Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, in her degree, is doing for Lancashire and the West Riding something of what George Eliot has done for the Midlands. Without any large measure of dramatic power, or of skill in putting a story together, she has to a very remarkable extent the art of reproducing the manners and customs and the peculiarities of thought and feeling that belonged to provincial England fifty years ago, and of bringing them to life again. She is no praiser of the past at the expense of the present—on the contrary, she appears to be far too full of the spirit of the North Country to be content to let Time stand still; but her sympathies are large enough to reach both ways, and are unquestionably the warmest for the old people and the old paths, and for the comedies and tragedies that steam has scattered away. More than on all else her stories depend for their value and interest upon the elements of place and time. The scene of "Woolers and Winners" is laid in Craven, when Leeds was first enfranchised, when railways were new wonders, when, in remote districts, people still lived in the fashion of a hundred years before, while the great towns of the North were becoming conscious of new life and power. The private lives of her characters are largely mixed up with and made dependent on the public affairs and movements of the time; and these Mrs. Banks has obviously learned, with minute accuracy, from those who took part in them. Whether readers whose tastes are less solid than her own will find her novel altogether to their liking we are not so sure. From a literary point of view her story is so badly arranged that nearly two whole volumes are in the nature of an introduction to a complicated plot which has to be thus crowded into one. The interest of the story itself—apart from that of its background—is always going to begin, and has to end in hurry and confusion nearly as soon as it has begun. Her minor characters are admirable portraits, and must have been drawn from the very life, but those whose fortunes we are supposed to follow are little more than the usual young men and young women whose love affairs are supposed to be indispensable to a three-volume novel. Her style, moreover, is of the conventional sort which allows those who use it to write "transpire" when they mean "happen." But with all its defects in art, "Woolers and Winners" must be recommended as an excellent novel, not only to those who are interested in Yorkshire, but to all readers who care for manlier food than that wherewith novelists commonly supply them.

"Lady Laura," by Mary Elizabeth Christie (3 vols.: Strahan and Co.).—Nothing is easier than to deal with "Lady Laura" from a cynical point of view. Two girls, bosom friends, are unlucky enough to fall in love with the same interesting unbeliever. He falls in and out of love with Cassandra, falls in love with and marries Laura, and then falls out of love with Laura and in love with Cassandra again. The situation being altogether unsatisfactory, the three make the following arrangement. All three are to live according to the Religion of Humanity. Maurice is to be faithful to Laura, but to worship Cassandra; Cassandra is to be true to friendship, to make Maurice "her temple, her shrine, her Holy of Holies"; Laura, as an inconvenient third, is to worship Humanity at large. But this view, though literally true as far as it goes, is unjust if allowed to stand alone. It is never pleasant to read a book that confuses theology with love-making until the bewildered reader hardly knows what is meant for the one and what for the other; in which sentiment and passion are treated as if they were a necessary part of religion. But as a study of some important phases of modern society and character, "Lady Laura" must take very high rank indeed. In this respect, it is of the more value as being written in earnest sympathy with the beliefs and feelings it analyses and describes. The style is so admirably trenchant and clear as to throw a sort of sunlight over the cloudiest and most mystical regions of feeling, and to give the book an independent charm. Excepting in excellence of style, "Lady Laura" is essentially a book of to-day. It would have had no significance a few years ago, and will very likely have as little in a few years to come. But it will certainly help those who do not read for mere amusement to comprehend the position of those who are trying to make the religious temper and instinct harmonise with the Theology of Negation. Perhaps it will help the members of the school itself to comprehend their own position better than is always the case with them. At any rate, Miss Christie is not afraid of facing a set of exceedingly melancholy conclusions, nor does she make any undue attempt to set emotional unbelief in an attractive guise. Unquestionably, "Lady Laura" is as sincere and earnest in purpose as it is admirable in form.

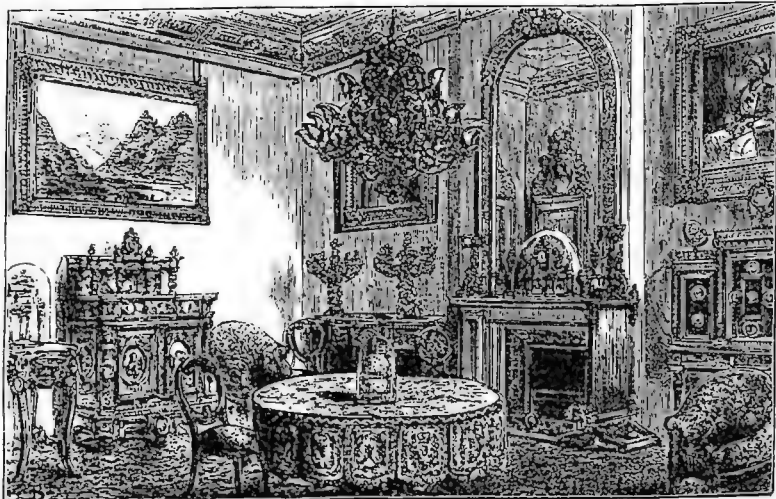
"Beauty's Daughters," by the author of "Phyllis," &c. (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.).—From the first two new novels on our list to "Beauty's Daughters," the leap is both deep and wide. In the latter, flirtation of a rather hoydenish sort is treated as the be-all and end-all of life—as so important, indeed, that the novelist who takes it for her theme may consider herself dispensed from regarding such dull trammels of genius as plot, sense, humour, or style. Perhaps, however, the authoress of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," and "Beauty's Daughters" would protest against the charge of wanting humour. For she has been at the trouble of naming one of her characters Brandum and another Diamont in order that their friends and relations may call them Brandy and Dandy; while, for a young lady, she has invented the superbly facetious name of Cyclamen Brown. These, and other young people, flirt, marry, misunderstand one another and make it up again, talk rather vulgarly in a feeble kind of slang, and think a good deal about good and bad "form." They are all exquisitely lovely, exceedingly silly, and about as dull in their story as they are in themselves.

"My Boys" is a story, by "Scriba" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.).—"My Boys," though perfectly serious in its intentions, reads like a game at play among a group of characters whose parts are accurately cut out for them, and who hide from and find one another exactly at the right time and in the right way. It is full of little tricks and mysteries, through which the moderately experienced novel reader will see at the first hint that they are going to begin, in spite of their being for the most part of a more than unlikely character. The novel belongs altogether to a very elementary form of art, but—perhaps for that very reason—it is pleasant to read, and by no means uninteresting in an unpretentious way.

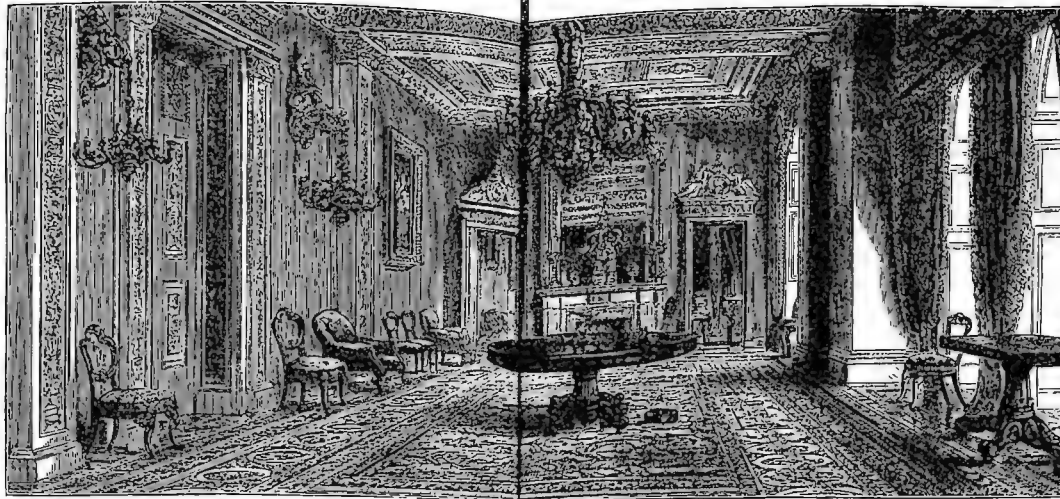
## BOOKS RECEIVED

Through a Needle's Eye: Hesba Stretton; Shelley—a Study: J. Todhunter. C. Kegan Paul and Co.  
 The Sport of Fate (3 vols.): Richard Dowling; Winged Words (2 vols.): H. Spicer. Tinsley Brothers.  
 Homer's Odyssey, Books I.—XII.: Trans. by Sir C. Du Cane; Handbook of Deerstalking: Alexander Macrae. W. Blackwood and Sons.  
 A New Map of Epping Forest: The Parliamentary Poll Book (2nd Edition): F. H. McCalmont. E. Stanford.  
 The Conceited Sparrow of Neemuch: A. P. F. Remington.  
 The Tenth Earl (3 vols.): J. B. Harwood; Monsieur Guizot in Private Life: Madame de Witt. Hurst and Blackett.  
 Pious Frauds (3 vols.): A. de Fonblanque. R. Bentley and Son.  
 Notes on Gospel History, Part I.: Rev. S. G. Green, D.D.; The Age of the Great Patriarchs, Vol. I.: R. Tuck. Sunday School Union.  
 The Legend—By the River Dee: F. L. Malgarini. 7, Whitehall Place.  
 The Land Question in Ireland, No. I. Irish Land Question Committee, Dublin.  
 Official Awards—Sydney International Exhibition, Gibbs, Shallard, and Co., Sydney.  
 Songs for Little Singers: H. K. Lewis. Hodder and Stoughton.  
 The Editor's Box (A Midsummer Annual): C. Brooks and Co.  
 Wait a Year (3 vols.): Bowra; The Great Artists—Sir E. Landseer: Fred. G. Stevens; Sir Joshua Reynolds: F. S. Pilling, M.A. S. Low and Co.  
 Eros (2 vols.): Chapman and Hall.

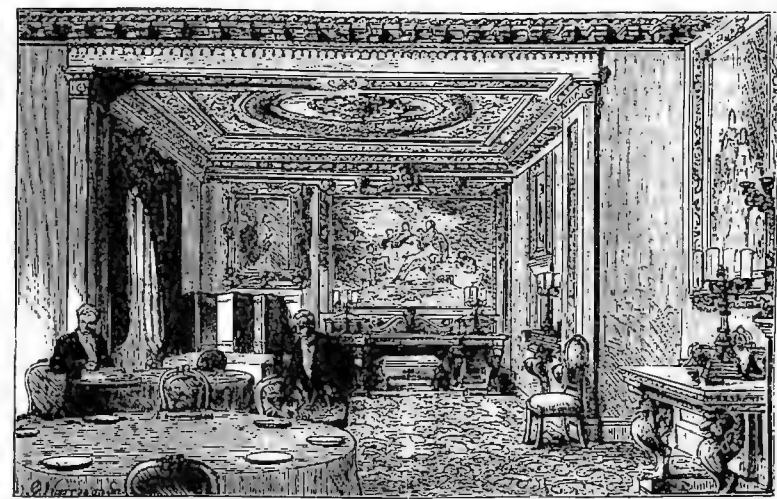




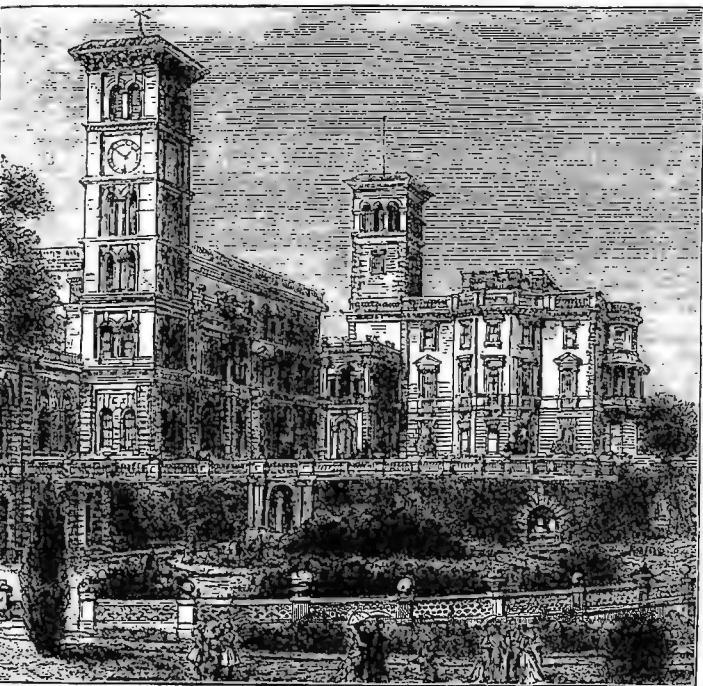
THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER



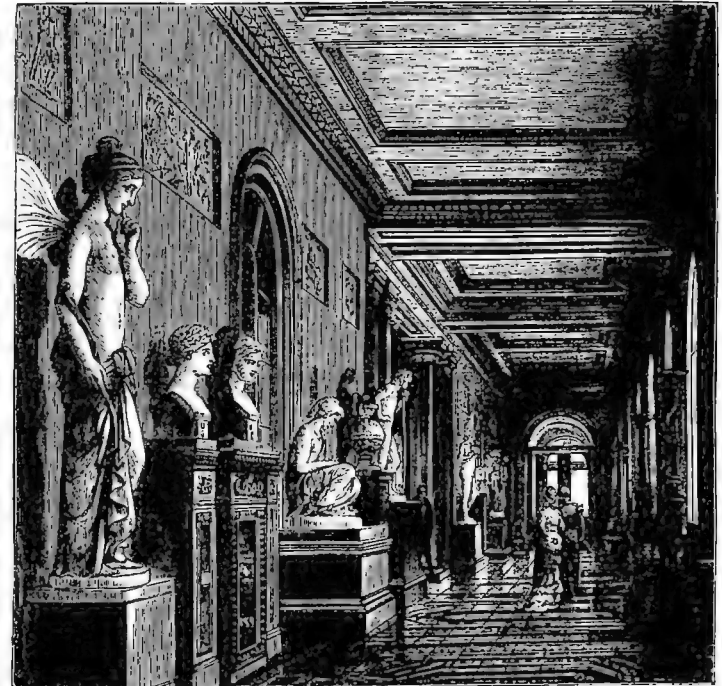
HER MAJESTY'S DINING ROOM



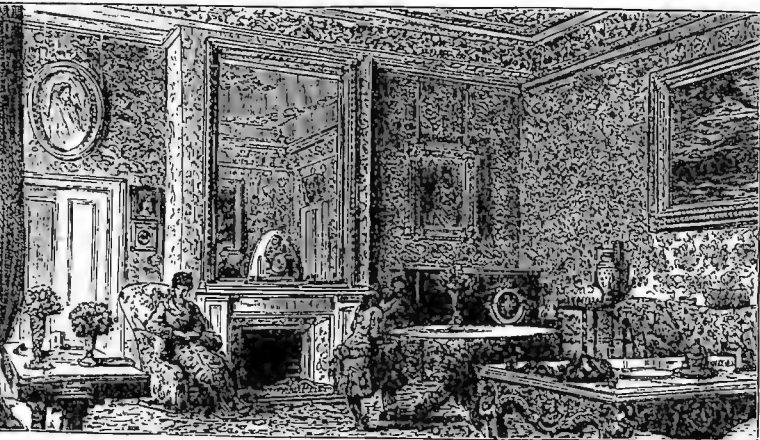
THE SOUTH EAST FRONT



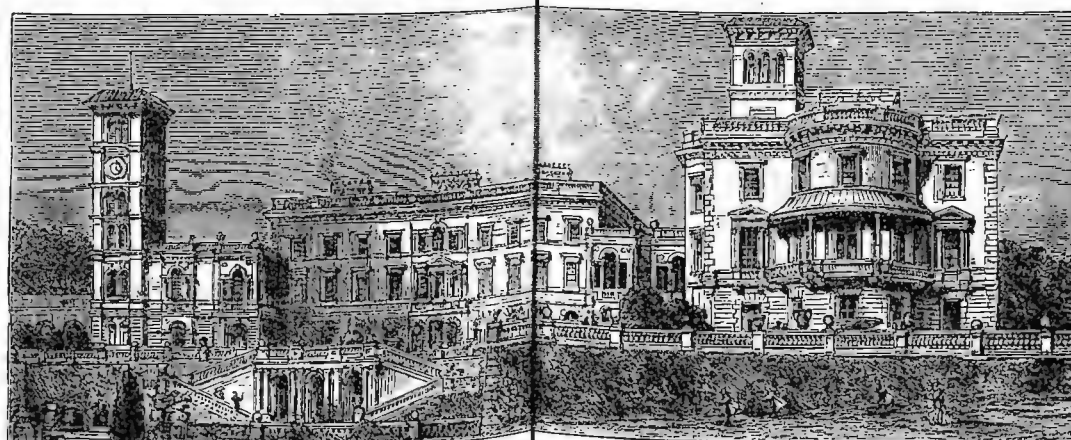
THE DRAWING ROOM



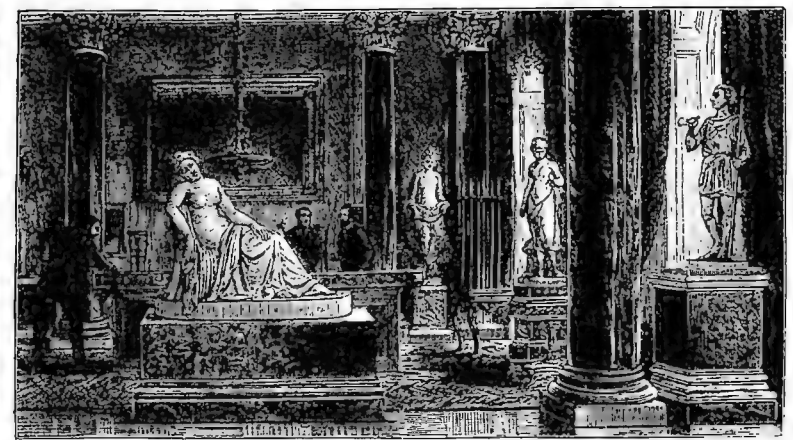
THE MAIN CORRIDOR



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ROOM



THE EAST FRONT



THE BILLIARD ROOM





## I.

THE magazines for August seem on the whole a little flat. In the *Fortnightly*, one of the most generally readable papers is that by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid on "Public Opinion and its Leaders." It is some time now since Mr. Gladstone incurred very general derision for asserting that the sense of the country must be gathered, not from the metropolitan, but from the provincial, Press. The events of last spring furnished singular confirmation of this assumption. The extent and force of the Liberal reaction and the trust that was displayed in Mr. Gladstone personally took metropolitan "leaders of opinion" by surprise, though fully foreshadowed in the pages of their provincial *conféres*. Yet there is no reason to think that London writers were less alert than usual, or less wise in interpreting the signs within their ken; still less that the adherents of what was at one time called "the strongest Ministry of modern times" fell away unexpectedly at the very crisis of the battle. Simply a vast additional mass of Liberals came forward of whose very existence the metropolitan Press seemed as absolutely unaware, as these new voters on their part declined, or rather, perhaps, ignored, its proffered guidance. The same phenomenon, says Mr. Wemyss Reid, is manifesting itself now, when the sharp and often hostile criticisms of London writers on certain measures of the new Administration find hardly an echo in the country constituencies, or in the papers which represent their views. Altogether this question of a great and widening gulf between London and the provinces, between the more finely and the less finely educated centres of opinion, is a very curious one, though Mr. Reid aims rather at stating facts as they appear to him than at investigation of their more obscure causes.—"Mr. Bradlaugh and His Opponents" are discussed by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his usual clear, incisive style, though with something more than usual hardness and want of sympathy with the other side. "Disgusting insincerity" seems rather a strong term for the mental state of a large section of Mr. Bradlaugh's opponents in the House. It may be very true that among the men who backed up the "honest bigots" in their endeavours to oust the member for Northampton there may have been many as perfectly "agnostic"—we must not, it seems, say "atheist" any longer—as is Mr. Bradlaugh himself, and whose opposition was essentially of the factious sort, intended really to annoy and damage Mr. Gladstone by skillfully "bracketing" him with an avowed infidel. Still more than Mr. Stephen allows must be conceded for the difference between dealing with infidels who keep their opinions to themselves, like the late Mr. Mill, and representatives of infidelity militant and aggressive. Besides, even among those who doubt, how many are there who are quite prepared for open defiance of the faith of their childhood?—Two articles, severally entitled "The European Concert" and "A Policy of Coercion"—the moral in both being that England must take a strong initiative in compelling Turkey to give way, in which case the writers hold that our initiative would secure the active support of at least one or two great Powers beside, and reduce the Porte to immediate submission—and one by the Right Hon. Justice Longfield on "Land Tenure in Ireland," propounding a scheme of Parliamentary tenant-right as the best substitute for that peasant-proprietorship which to the Judge appears impossible on anything like equitable terms, seem next to those already mentioned the most noteworthy papers in a rather dry list, where lightness finds a solitary representative in a physician's sketch from a semi-professional point of view of the attractive though somewhat costly "Health-Resorts of the Pyrenees."

In the *Cornhill* the dainty, often recondite, miscellaneous papers which agreeably fill the space between the new novel of Mr. Henry James and Mr. Black's picturesque but slightly monotonous "White Wings" strike us again as a trifle more commonplace in treatment (not in subjects) than is usual. Much the most amusing is the article on "Minuets," based on Count Alessandro Moroni's clever monograph. Even churchmen of high rank did not disdain—half for amusement, half for exercise—to thread the measures of this stately dance. There is still extant, indeed, a curious MSS. comedy of the last century in which the cardinals assembled at the Conclave of '74 are depicted beguiling the tedium of a Papal election and dispelling hypochondria with the diversion of a minuet for which Cardinal Corsini plays the fiddle. The mere fact that such a passage could occur in a comedy which is by no means all broad farce speaks volumes.—"English Sculpture in 1880" is a pleasant, though rather thin, notice of a branch of art which receives less notice among us than it deserves, though its deserts (Heaven knows) are not considerable.

Next to Mr. Blackmore's tale of "Mary Anerley," now fast approaching its conclusion, readers of *Fraser* will turn, perhaps, with keenest interest to Professor Sayce's learned paper on "A Forgotten Empire in Asia Minor," the empire of the once famous Hittites, the rivals in war and peace of the Egyptian Sesostris, the first who introduced (through Lydia and Cyprus probably), into Greece the arts, the letters, the merchandise of the East. Their northern capital was Carchemish, their southern Kadesh, on an island of the Orontes; but the traces of their power and the sculptured likenesses of their warrior chiefs are found in the rock monuments of Anatolia, almost within a ride of Smyrna, and history shows them up to their conquest by the Assyrians to have been a dominant power over the tribes of Lesser Asia, from the Colchians of the North-East to the Dardanians of Ilion and Pedasus. No one could better sketch than Mr. Sayce the place in history of this forgotten people, the monuments of whose greatness he had himself occasion to explore in his travels last summer in Anatolia.—In an "Artist on Art," Mr. Harry Quilter criticises, not without good reason, certain one-sided views in the "Lectures on Art" of Professor Poynter.—In "Russia and China" Mr. Boulger supplies an opportune *resumé* of frontier disputes between the two Empires from the beginning of diplomatic relations in 1656 to the still unsettled Kuldja difficulty.

A cynical, cleverish paper, entitled "Ober-Ammergau with the Varnish Off;" another on the "Status of the Player," rather well-informed than sparkling, by Dutton Cook; and the first chapters of a fairly-promising melodramatic *novellette*, from the French, are all we can select for praise in a particularly dull number of *Time*.

In the *Theatre* Mr. Palgrave Simpson's genial memoir of the late J. R. Planché, and Mr. Bernard H. Becker's decidedly clever criticisms—a little too much in the "superior person" vein—of the Palais Royal Company, stand prominently out among the longer articles. The shorter notices and jottings are interesting as usual; and the front-page "photo" of Mr. J. T. Raymond, as Colonel Sellers, more than usually excellent.

In the *Gentleman's* good old Sylvanus Urban presents us with a bill of fare at once varied and appetising. "The City of the Saints," by Ira Duffus Hardy, is the first description of Mormondom we have encountered in which Mormon ladies are depicted—by a lady, too—as happy, graceful, and intelligent; though some be "dreamy, visionary beings," for ever brooding over "pure and exalted ideals" of husbands "scaled to them in distant Aiden," and others earthlier, "devoted to domestic duties, happy in their homes and their children." For women, in fact, in whom the "feeling of maternity" is stronger than the desire for "conjugal love," Utah, according to Mrs. Hardy, is a delightful place. To be sure "the peculiar institution" is just now on its best behaviour,

burning, perhaps, more brightly while in yearly expectation of being finally snuffed out, and harem of fifty wives have doubtless passed away with the "Destroying Angels" and other darker accessories.—Interesting, too, though a little "shoppy," is "Parliament and the Press," by the "Member for the Chiltern Hundreds"—a paper not, as might have been supposed, on publicity and privilege, but on the new proposals for a vast enlargement of reporting space within the House, so as to allow the chief provincial papers to be represented in the gallery each by its own special staff. The "Member" is clearly a Conservative in this matter, and thinks existing arrangements good enough. And so, we fancy, will the general public, however it may suit individual papers to provide special reporters and reports as a sort of gigantic and costly advertising.—"The Moon and its Folk-lore," by Mr. Thistleton Dyer, is another delightful essay of a kind which the *Gentleman's* has always made its speciality.

In the *Victorian Review* for June papers, necessarily a little behindhand, on the affairs of Europe, alternate with others of much more practical interest to English readers on things affecting the most stirring, though not, perhaps, the most important, or, we fear, the happiest, of our Australasian settlements. The growth of class-hatreds and of Capital v. Labour wars in a country where such troubles might easily have been held at bay for another hundred years is at no time pleasant reading, and articles like those on "Chinese Labour" and "The Political Situation in Victoria" might induce us to think even less favourably than is just of the prospects of the young Democracy.—Under the title of "Confederation of the Empire," Mr. J. O'Brien sets forth very ably some of the practical difficulties in the way of this popular and fascinating, though it is to be feared Utopian, project.

An article in the excellent *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Republicans and their Candidate" may be commended to Englishmen who are not perhaps aware how nearly the Republican party was brought to utter ruin by the persistence of the "Third-Term" section at the Chicago Convention.—"Sicilian Hospitality" is a charming sketch of an American's visit to the country seat of a hospitable, easy-going gentleman of Trapani.

The *Month* continues the romantic chronicle of early Catholic Missions to the fierce Indian tribes of North America.—*All the Year Round* combines with its usual issue the additional wealth of tales of its Extra Summer Number. The "padding," we need scarcely say, is very good—too good, in fact, to be overlapped and half-hidden as it is in the interminable folds of stories and their continuations.

Our contemporary, the *Pen*, has been turned into a monthly magazine, and the first number of the new series has just been published. On the whole we think it is improved in its new dress, its tone is more robust, and it has happily lost its *dilettante* flavour. There is an admirable critical review of the works of Sir John Suckling; and the article on Dramatic Criticism is particularly apt and sensible. The poem, "Robin Hood's Death," is a very successful endeavour to give some idea of the old ballad of which only the merest fragments remain. It is dramatic, and would make an effective recitation. Besides numerous incisively written reviews it contains articles of a lighter kind, and fiction, in the shape of a serial, and other stories, is a feature. It ought to find favour.



TOURISTS' guides, if good, are just now sure to be appreciated. That Mr. Bevan's "Handbook of Kent" and of the "West Riding," Mr. Chambers's "Sussex," Mr. Worth's "South Devon," and Rev. W. J. Loftie's "Round About London" (all Stanford) are good and useful is proved by all five having reached at least a second edition. They are much on the same plan, beginning with a general description, and then giving a series of railway routes, followed up by road excursions. Far more portable than "Murray," they are quite comprehensive enough for most people. Mr. Chambers leaves out pedigrees and descriptions of relics not open to the public, and is very brief about castles and abbeys. Mr. Bevan and Mr. Worth aim at "condensing the greatest amount of useful information into the smallest compass." Indeed, as there are tourists and tourists, so are there guide-books and guide-books. Murray, who (we must never forget) led the way in this kind of thing, belongs rather to those who travel first-class and drive in a carriage and pair where there is no railway. Stanford's Two Shilling Series suits both in size and price the pocket of the man who walks when he is off the track of the steam-horse, unless some kind roadster will give him a lift. In minuteness of detail these guides may vie with more pretentious works. Mr. Bevan, for instance, finds room at Chilham to discuss the real meaning of "Julaber's Grave," and at Cranbrook to note the growth and decay of the cloth trade, and how Queen Elizabeth walked a mile on a carpet of broadcloth. In his next edition he must correct the statement that "Tilbury Fort was erected at the time of the Armada panic (Henry VIII.);" and we wish he and Mr. Chambers were more at one as to the spelling of Andredes Wood, which, they might have told us, is merely English for the earlier Anderida. Mr. Chambers, seizing on the exceptional feature of Sussex, begins with trips to its watering-places from Brighton to Bognor; but he is careful to remind us that, while Sussex contains more sylvan beauty than any southern county, Hastings alone of all the seaside resorts has anything like scenery. All the railways, too, have taken such uninteresting lines that any one who wants to see what the county really is must take Mr. Chambers (whose geological chapter, by Mr. W. Topley, is specially good), and become a *bona fide* pedestrian. Let him choose good weather; for some of the Sussex roads are still what they were in Horace Walpole's day, when their badness was deemed a wise protection against the influx of London footpads and other evildoers. This lack of roads caused Sussex, though so near to Gaul, to be the latest Christianised of all the English kingdoms. Mr. Chambers does not (we believe) note this; nor can we find in him the fact that the iron railings which till lately surrounded St. Paul's were of Sussex make. He is justly severe on several owners of picture galleries and museums for closing them against the public. The Duke of Richmond's conduct is a noble exception to this churlishness. Mr. Worth is a little inclined to be magniloquent; witness his description of Torquay. But we heartily forgive him, both because Devonshire air breeds tall talk, and because he knows his county quite as well as he loves it. In his West Riding Guide, Mr. Bevan perhaps errs on the side of conciseness. That Dentdale stockings, for instance, knitted with a peculiar stitch, were bought up for the army during the long war, is as notable a fact as that the See of Ripon had long been in abeyance when it was revived in 1836. "Round About London" is an exceedingly useful book, giving some particulars of every place of interest within twelve miles of the Post Office, excluding those that are within the four-mile radius. We are glad to find it has reached a fourth edition. Another of Stanford's series, "The Lincoln Pocket Guide," deserves a somewhat lengthier notice, both because of the very elaborate way in which Sir C. Anderson deals with the city and cathedral, and because a notion is abroad that there is nothing worth seeing in Lincolnshire, except a few church spires. Those who so think are, says Sir C. Anderson, as ignorant of the county as a native of Kamtschatka, and he proves it by

showing that, though Lincolnshire is exceptionally rich in churches, it has not only fine sunsets but striking prospects. That from the Minster broad tower on a sunny day before harvest is grand, so is the park scenery of Grimsthorpe, and the view from the Trent bank at Burton Stather Sir C. Anderson pronounces unique. Only a fifth of the county is fen; and this fen, in his day partly wooded, was pronounced by Henry of Huntingdon "very rich and plenteous, beautiful to behold." This excellent Guide will, we fancy, tempt many tourists to give Lincolnshire a turn.

To one who is touring for the first time a few practical hints are as needful as a good guide-book. "The Holiday Companion and Traveller's Guide" (Ward and Lock) not only tells us how to guard against and cure blisters and such like small evils whereby walking tours are often marred, but it teaches Paterfamilias, settled with his belongings at Mudthorpe-on-Sea, how to filter the bad water, and otherwise ward off the mischiefs which sometimes make the summer holiday the most dangerous time of the year. The book is really a wonderful shilling's-worth. It takes us not only all over England but to the chief Continental spas; and it describes all modes of locomotion, including bicycling (the process of learning which it describes) and canoeing. The hints, as we said, are practical; let no unpractised walker begin with twenty miles a day, and let all tourists eschew a heavy supper at the end of the day's march. More doubtful is the advice against early rising: "The morning air is always malarious." Is it?

Mr. Gladstone used to say our prosperity advanced, not by gradual increase, but by leaps, taken, we suppose, whenever there is a good Gladstonian majority. Certain it is that the very widest of leaps divides the bookmakers and publishers of to-day from those of a few years ago; and of this we know no more striking proof than "Our Own Country: Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial" (Cassell and Co.). It is a book for the drawing-room even more than for the study; but what a contrast to the drawing-room scenery-books of a generation ago! Instead of twaddling bombastically about landscape, and giving vague sentiment instead of history, it touches both with a firm hand, marking in every characteristic vividly and correctly. The work, so far as we have tested it, is genuine work. It is hard to imagine one man getting up so thoroughly, not places like Exeter and Chester and Bedford only, but Cork and Derry and St. Andrew's, and even Skye. But, if he has not worked single-handed, the author has been well helped. He does not scruple to use the best printed help that can be had. When describing Exeter, for instance, he borrows largely from Mr. Freeman; when touching on the early history of Cork he quotes Spenser, going to Miliken and Father Prout for lively hints about its modern features. One of the best chapters is "Charnwood Forest and Bradgate." To many it will be news that in the very centre of England is a mass of syenite (London Bridge is built of Mount Sorrel stone), among whose flanking hills stands a Cistercian monastery, while on the slopes towards Quorndon and Beaumanoir is some of the finest timber in the island. The way in which Bradgate Park (where there are still a few red deer) is—must we say was?—thrown open one day a week to the Leicester public, surely deserved a word of praise. The book wants an index, and we cannot see why Cambridge should have been described and not Oxford; but it is a wonderful advance on the books of its class with which our fathers and mothers had to content themselves.

"The child is father of the man," and, therefore, caring for the child is the surest way of making the man useful and upright and god-fearing. Hence the importance of the work described in "The Rescue of Child-Soul" (Sunday School Union). The means of rescue are the Sunday School for developing the spiritual capacities, and the Kindergarten for bringing out thought in very young children and awakening the investigating and imitative instincts. Froebel, "the discoverer of childhood," rightly felt that "play has a grand meaning in it;" and we must not be deterred by fear of over-drilling from putting before children the means of thought-awakening play. The duty of early stimulating the religious faculty is a much more questionable one. No doubt this faculty, like every other, develops rapidly in this go-ahead age, and, no doubt, too, the instinct of imitation is invaluable in religious training; but many will doubt whether some Sunday School training does not tend to the manufacture of spiritual prigs. To us the great value of the book is the testimony it gives to the truth with which we began; men of mark have almost always given in childhood a promise of the future; and many promising children have failed to make their mark because their plain tendencies have been disregarded instead of being fostered. The book contains much to set parents and teachers thinking.

There are series for everything; among them the "Foreign Countries and British Colonies Series" (Sampson Low and Co.) bids fair to rank high. We have received "Greece," by Mr. Lewis Sergeant, and the "West Indies," by Mr. C. H. Eden. The former treats not of the Greece of our school days, just giving incidentally a word about and an engraving of the remains at Tiryns; but after going thoroughly into the physical and political geography of the country, and proving that the modern Greeks are Hellenes and not Slavs, it begins with the close of the Byzantine Empire, and follows the fortunes of the nation up to to-day, ending with a statistical account of the state of agriculture, trade, education, and the army. Mr. Sergeant fully recognises the faults of the Greek character, and how these are a bar to calm government and industrial progress. Good, he thinks, may come in this direction from allowing "a partial fulfilment of the national ambitions which all parties nurse in common." Just now the book will be read with special interest. Of "The West Indies" we need only remark that, besides having a history of their own, they figure in almost every chapter of European history. The Caribbean Sea was one of the great nurseries of our navy. Then there are the buccaners, the Maroons, and the Haitian chiefs from Toussaint to Souleouque and the wretched Santana. All this Mr. Eden tells well; and he supplements, with careful statistics, a history which includes the Bermudas, and Barbuda, the fief of the Codrington family. The book is a thoroughly good one.

Aptitude in a branch of Art is perhaps more likely to be acquired by practice than by reading books, though books are nevertheless useful, and, in the absence of a teacher, may become necessary and friendly guides. This remark is true of Mr. George Halse's "Guide to Modelling" (George Rowney and Co.), an unpretending little volume which will be found particularly acceptable to students and amateurs of the different branches of sculptural art. It is distinguished by clearness of expression and unexceptional taste, and it is artistically illustrated—the frontispiece being a very happy pictorial criticism on the history of sculpture. The rise of the Art is represented by an Egyptian statue, the zenith by the Venus of Milo, and the fall by a prominent example of modern taste—or tastelessness—exhibited in the Paris Exhibition. Within its limits it is the best book on the subject we know.

"London Past and Present" is a recent addition to Messrs. Blackie and Sons' admirable "Comprehensive School Series." It is a novel, but not the less happy idea, and will supply a long felt want. The descriptions (which include brief articles on the metropolitan counties) are taken or adapted from the works of such standard authors as Knight, Cunningham, Timbs, Thornbury, and Walford, and are conveniently arranged. The book is a perfect mine of attractive information; but why, in the account of St. Paul's Cathedral, is there no mention of the splendid peal of bells lately erected, and said to be the finest in the world? With this we may favourably mention the "Fifth Reader" of the same series.









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Wigtownshire



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Horsham



THOMAS CHARLES THOMPSON, ESQ.  
Durham City

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—XI.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS  
XI.

WILLIAM COPELAND BORLASE, Esq., F.S.A., M.P. for East Cornwall (Liberal), is a son of the late Mr. S. Borlase, and grandson of Dr. Borlase, the celebrated antiquarian. He was born in 1848, and educated at Winchester and Oxford. He is a Magistrate for the county, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and author of several works on the antiquities of Cornwall, and Travels in various parts of the world.

WILLIAM YOUNG CRAIG, Esq., M.P. for North Staffordshire (Liberal), was born in 1827, and, having began life as a working joiner, has raised himself to his present position of wealth and influence. He is now in business as a mining engineer and coal and ironstone proprietor, and has been for some time President of the North Staffordshire Mining Institute. He has written several pamphlets on mining subjects.

SIR HENRY FLETCHER, Bart., M.P. for Horsham (Conservative), is the eldest son of the third Baronet. He was born in 1835, educated at Eton, served successively in the Grenadier Guards and the 69th Foot, and is now Lieut.-Colonel of the Sussex Rifle Volunteers, and a County Magistrate for Surrey and Sussex.

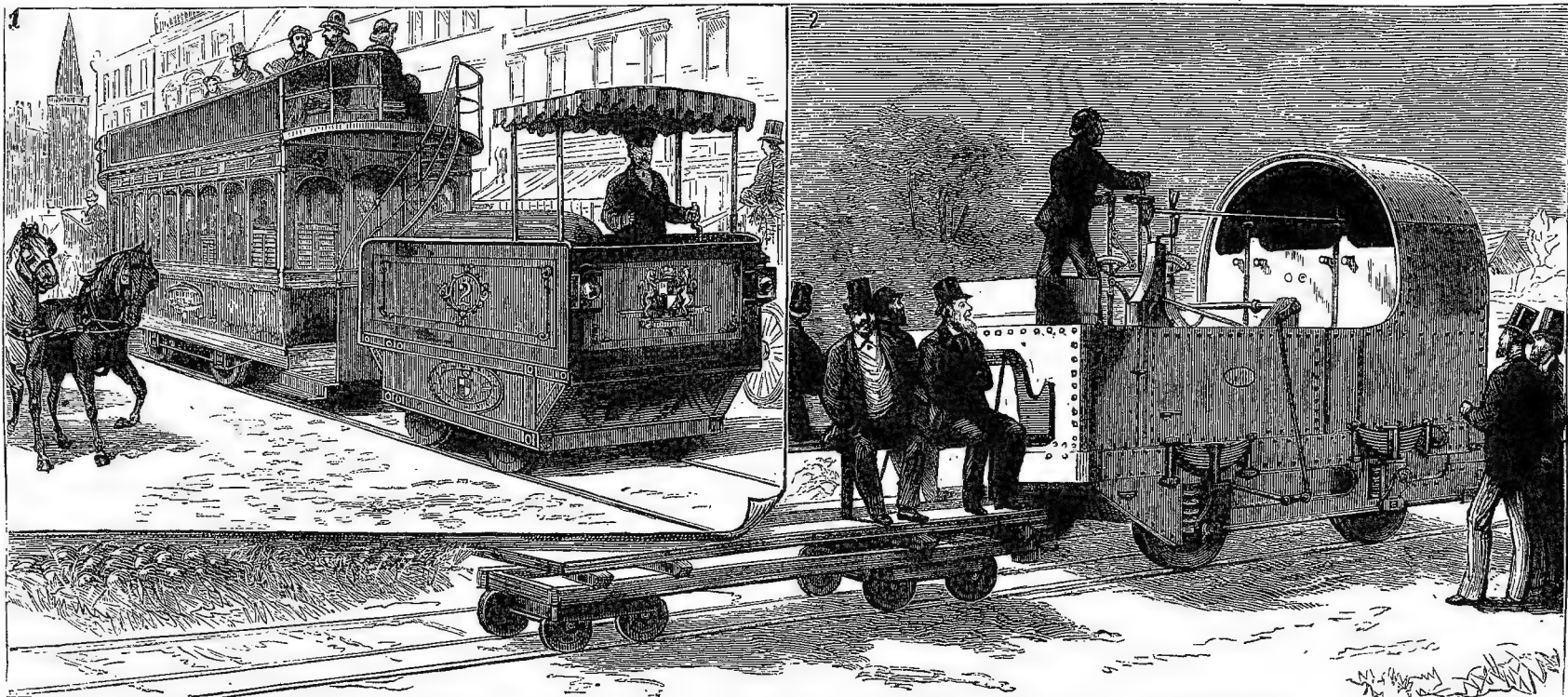
JOHN ORRELL LEVER, Esq., M.P. for Galway Borough (Liberal-Conservative), who was born in 1824, is largely interested in steam shipping. He was the founder of the London Steamboat Company, and did much towards making Galway a 'packet station'; was formerly a Director of the London and South-Western Railway Company, and of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company. Mr. Lever sat in Parliament for Galway from 1859 to 1865, when he was defeated.

SIR HERBERT EUSTACE MAXWELL, Bart., M.P. for Wigtownshire (Conservative) is the eldest surviving son of the sixth Baronet. He was born in 1845, educated at Eton and Oxford, is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the County, and a Captain in the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire Militia.

THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR, Esq., M.P. for Galway City (Home Ruler, and supporter of Mr. Parnell) was born in 1848, and educated at Athlone and Queen's College, Galway. He is a Vice-President of the Lambeth Radical Association, and the author of a "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" and some other works.

THOMAS CHARLES THOMPSON, Esq., M.P. for Durham City (Liberal), was born in 1821, and educated at Harrow, and Durham University, of which he is a Fellow. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1844, and is now an Equity draftsman. He is a magistrate for Durham and Cumberland, and was High Sheriff of the former county in 1869. He was returned for Durham at the General Election of 1874, but unseated on petition.

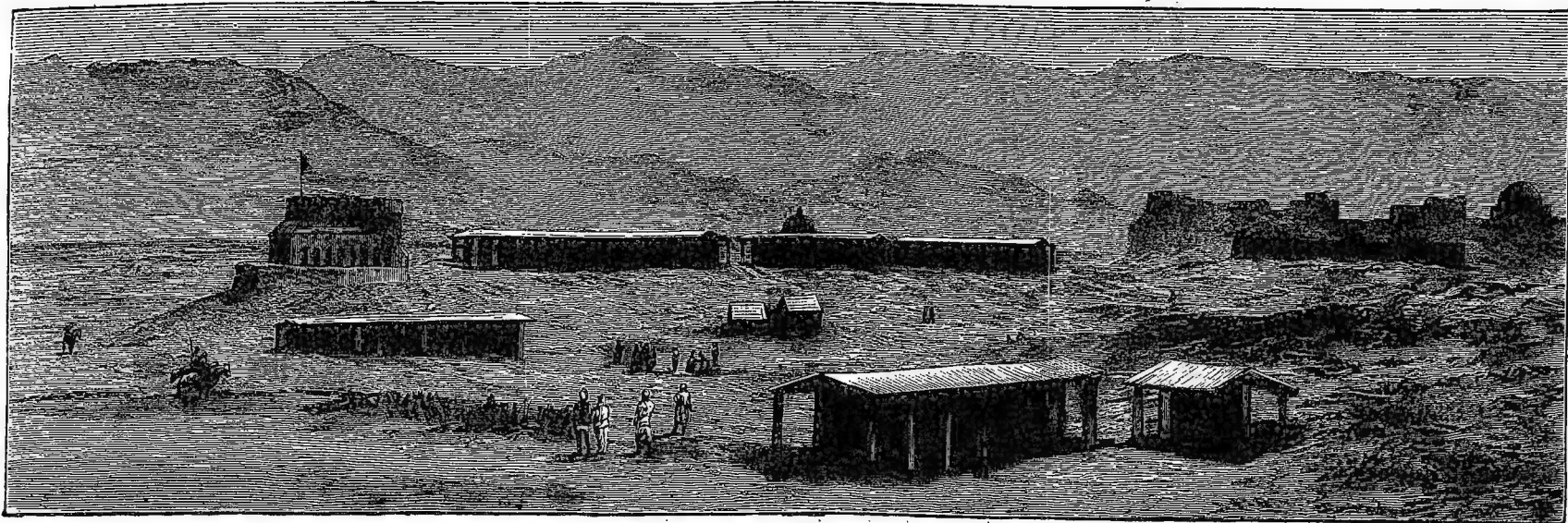
Our portraits are from photographs: Sir H. Maxwell, Sir H. Fletcher, and Messrs. Lever and Craig by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside, E.C.; Mr. Borlase, by A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; Mr. Thompson, by T. Heaviside, Queen Street, Durham; and Mr. O'Connor, by A. Le Sage, 40, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.



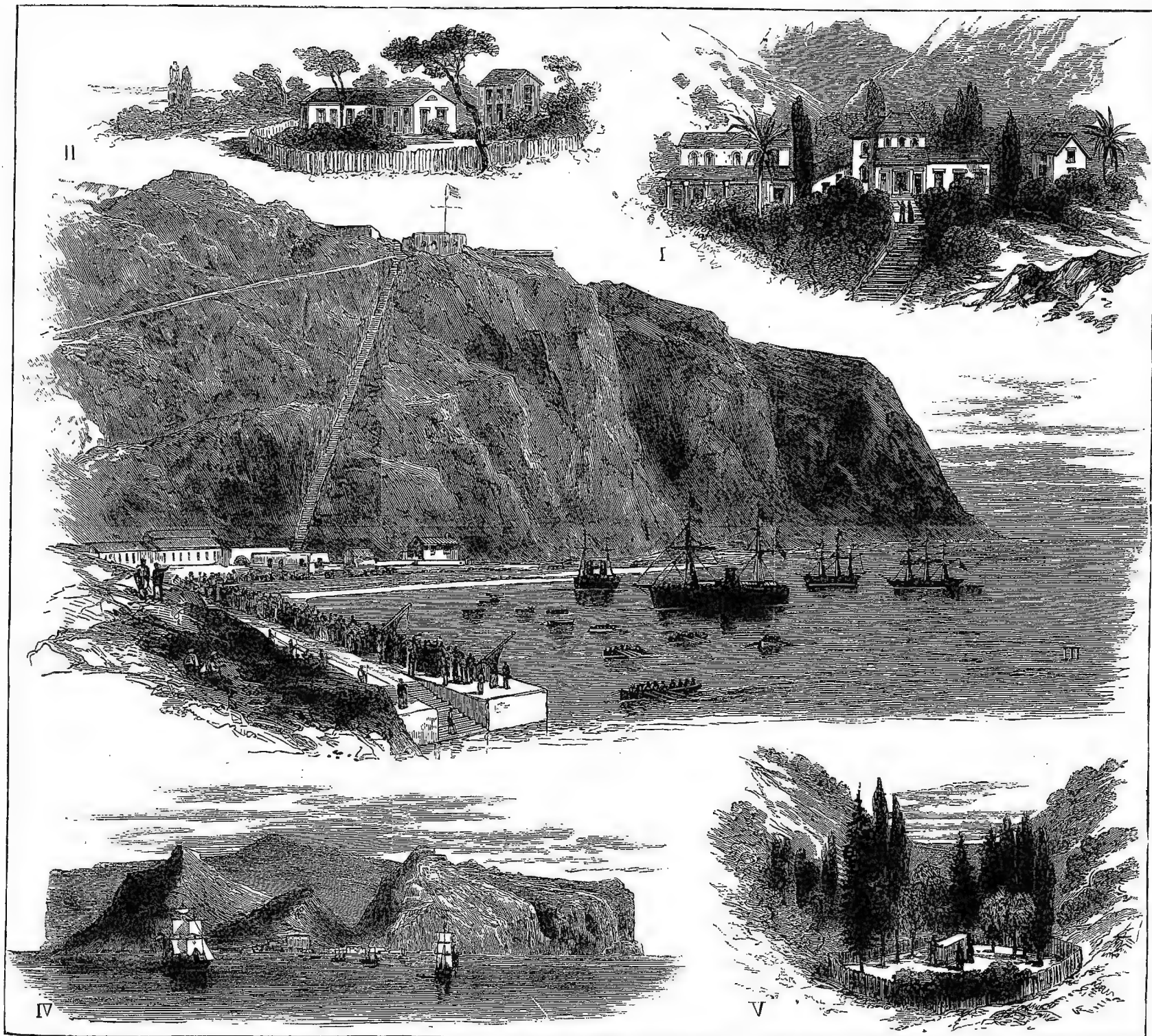
1. Locomotive for Tramways.—2. Trial of the Experimental Engine at Woolwich Arsenal.

THE BEAUMONT COMPRESSED AIR ENGINE





THE DISASTER IN AFGHANISTAN—BRITISH OUTPOST AT SIBI, NEAR THE PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE SUKKUR CANDAHAR RAILWAY



I. The Briars and the Pavilion, First Residence of Napoleon I. on the Island.—2. Longwood, Second Residence of Napoleon I.—3. Landing of the Ex-Empress at James Town Harbour.—4. View of the Island from the N.N.E.—5. Napoleon's Tomb.

VISIT OF THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE TO ST. HELENA



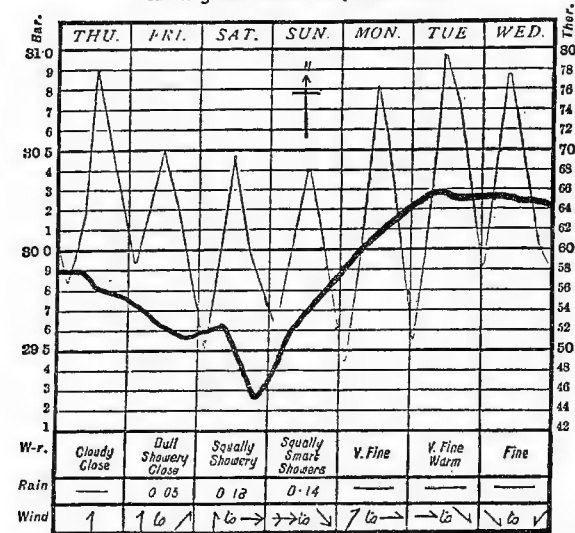
pockets with money from the till. He pleaded that it was only a drunken freak, and that he had no felonious intention, but the magistrate thought otherwise, and sentenced him to two months' hard labour.

**A FORTUNATE POLICEMAN.**—The *Guardian* states that last week a member of the Woolwich Police Force lately received a note inviting him to meet an American lawyer at Furnival's Inn, and on going there was informed that a legacy of 100,000 dollars had been bequeathed to him by a gentleman who died recently at New Orleans.

**A WHOLESALE BURGLAR,** who seems to have carried on business on almost as large a scale as the notorious Charles Peace, is now in custody at Greenwich on remand. He is a man of gentlemanlike appearance, and his wife, who is charged with him, but liberated on bail, looks like a lady. Both are fashionably dressed, and with their child, a boy aged three years, and one servant, they have lived for some time in a house close to the Greenwich Police Station, where an immense quantity of jewellery and other property (some of which has been already identified) has been found by the police.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUG. 5 TO AUG. 11 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—During the first two days of this period, and especially on Thursday (5th inst.), the weather was very cloudy, close, and unpleasant, the maximum on Thursday (5th inst.) being 79° and on Friday (6th inst.) 70°. The barometer was at the same time falling steadily, but the winds were quite light in force, and the weather, though still unsettled, bore a very quiet aspect. On Saturday morning (7th inst.), however, our reports from the south of Ireland warned us that a somewhat serious depression was about to approach the southern districts, and soon after eight A.M. a very sudden fall in the barometer set in in London, while the weather became showery, with strong squalls from the westward. The barometric fall continued until about seven P.M., by which time the centre of a very large depression lay in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, followed by a large quantity of heavy clouds, sharp showers of rain, and strong gusts of wind. The disturbance passed away almost directly over us in the course of the night, and the wind in its rear rose to a strong gale from W. and W.N.W., while the weather remained very showery during the greater part of Sunday (8th inst.). With the final disappearance of the depression a great change in the weather has taken place, and some really fine summerlike days have been experienced, the maximum temperature on Tuesday and Wednesday (10th and 11th inst.) being as high as 79°. Even this figure, however, is lower by seven degrees than the maximum registered on Derby Day. The wind continued westerly until the latter part of Tuesday (10th inst.), when it veered to the north-west, and subsequently to north-east and east. The latest reports from various parts of the country show that the weather is by no means settled. The barometer was highest (30.30 inches) on Tuesday (10th inst.); lowest (29.27 inches) on Saturday (7th inst.); range, 1.03 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (79°) on Tuesday and Wednesday (10th and 11th inst.); lowest (49°) on Monday (6th inst.); range, 30°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.32 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.14 inches), on Sunday (8th inst.).



**THE TURF.**—The Sussex Fortnight, as it is called, concluded with two good days' racing at Lewes; and it is evident that, unless the Goodwood authorities bestir themselves, Brighton and Lewes will completely take the wind out of their sails. The Astley Stakes for two-year-olds at the latter meeting will long be remembered, not only from the fact that some of our best young blood contested the event, but that the three first, Scobell, Wandering Nun, and Mazurka, ran a dead heat, while the two next ran a dead heat for the second place, and in Turf parlance a table-cloth would have covered the five. There are several instances, however, in the annals of the Turf, of horses running a dead heat, and on one occasion four performed this feat, these being Overreach, The Unexpected, Gamester, and Lady Golightly, in 1855, for a Sweepstakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. Scobell's performance was an exceedingly good one, considering the weight he gave away; while it speaks volumes for Lord Falmouth's Bal Gal, who cleverly defeated him at Goodwood. The Lewis Handicap was a disappointing race, as Exeter and Discord, for one of whom the race was booked as a Turf certainty, were scratched in the morning, and only five runners of moderate calibre came to the post; but once more backers could not find the winner, Mr. Dodd, the third favourite, taking the prize. The County Cup also brought disaster to the talent, who made Precious and Discount favourites, but both were beaten by Essayez, who started as an outsider. Altogether the Sussex fortnight will be marked with very "black chalk" by those who think they can pick winners, and foolishly invest their money in accordance with their fancy. There has been no lack of racing this week up and down the land, but it has all been holiday work more or less, and so it will be till the York gathering summons grouse-shooters, yachting men, and other holiday-makers, to the famous Knavesmire, preparatory to the grand tryst at Doncaster. An important race, however, was run at Redcar on Tuesday, the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes for Three-Year-Olds being contested for the first time. There were over 300 entries, but only eight animals came to the post. Lord Falmouth's Apollo, whom Archer came to ride, Red Riband colt, and Victor Emmanuel were made equal favourites at 4 to 1, but backers in the North fared no better than backers in the South, as not one could even get a place, while Experiment, the outsider of the whole party, won the race. Jenny Howlet, the Oaks victrix, was last of all, and she may now be said to have demonstrated almost to a mathematical certainty that her Epsom victory was one of the most extraordinary flukes on record.—The entrances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire have been published, and both are below the numbers of last year, while for the latter they are fewer than they have been for the last five years. For both races, however, most of the best animals in training have been nominated. Isonomy will, of course, be apportioned the top

weight in the long-distance handicap.—The favourites for the St. Leger have made advances in the market, Bend Or, who, according to all accounts, is undergoing a much more thorough preparation for this event than his trainer was able to give him for the Derby, being backed at as short odds as 2 to 1, while slight odds are laid on him and Robert the Devil coupled.

**CRICKET.**—The Canterbury week did not end so well as it began for the home county, as Twelve of its Gentlemen were no match for Twelve Gentlemen of England. For the latter the Hon. A. Lyttelton made 120 and R. A. H. Mitchell 65 in the first innings. Lord Harris, the Kent Captain, scored 74, and in their second innings for Kent the Hon. Ivo Bligh and F. Penn 73 and 74 respectively.—The return match between Lancashire and Derbyshire resulted naturally enough in favour of the former.—After a fine exhibition of even play up to a certain point the return match between Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire terminated in favour of the former by five wickets, thus making inter-county cricket for the season a little "mixed." It may be noted that both elevens were entirely composed of professional players.—There is still a hope that a first-class representative eleven of England will be got together to play the Australians before they leave this country. After beating Yorkshire and Gloucestershire it would be more than a pity they should depart without a test of their capacities. If they can beat a really good eleven of Gentlemen and Players no one would grudge them their victory.

**SWIMMING.**—As the "Lords and Commons" Amateur Long Distance Championship of the Thames is not to be revived this year, the Floating Swimming Baths Company arranged a match under similar conditions, which came off on Saturday last. The course was from Putney to Charing Cross Baths, a distance of 5½ miles. Twenty-five started, and the match was won by W. R. Ifter, who swam the course in 1 h. 17 m. 38 s.

## SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS

ENGLISH LITERATURE, great and noble in so many departments, is greatest in its poetry. From Chaucer to Tennyson a succession of glorious poets has maintained this art in all its splendour. The light of poetical genius, though sometimes growing dim, has never died out, and putting Shakespeare, who belongs to all time, out of the question, the poets of this century have done as much to immortalise their age as the poets of the Elizabethan period. No one who has undertaken the severe task of studying the whole body of English poetry will dispute the fact that a great deal which has been preserved is not worth preserving, that, if there be much gold, there is also much pinchbeck, and that the abundance of mere versifiers enforces fruitless toil upon the student. "There are many poets," says Walter Savage Landor, "who never make us laugh or weep, many whom we take into the hand like pretty insects, turn them over, look at them for a moment, and toss them into the grass again. The earth swarms with these, they live their season, and others similar come into life the next." Unfortunately we cannot always toss our third-rate versemen into the grass, for many of them, thanks to such useful but wearisome publications as Chalmers's "English Poets," enjoy an existence they do not merit, and command attention to which they have no claim.

Poetry admits of infinite variety. We may say that the epic poet and the dramatic poet supply the highest art, but perfection of poetic beauty may be exhibited in numberless forms—in the Ode and in the Song, in the Elegy, and in the Idyll, in the Satires of a Pope, in the divine music of a Shelley, in the high imagination of a reflective poet like Wordsworth, in the realistic descriptions of a Cowper or a Crabbe. It is not so much the kind of verse as the quality with which the reader is concerned, and a song of Robert Burns is worth more than all the epics of Sir Richard Blackmore. Quality, not quantity, is the poet's passport to fame. There are few poets who have not written too much. "No one," said Dickens of Thomas Gray, "ever gained a place among the immortals with so small a volume under his arm," and yet even Gray's work, exquisite though some of it be, does not all belong to the highest class of poetry. Verse-making is, indeed, so delightful an occupation, that men are prone to continue the employment after having dropped their singing robes.

On this account, and considering the extreme brevity of life in this exacting age, when the delights of leisure are unknown, it need not surprise us that there should be a demand for selections from the poets. The old-fashioned notion of publishing "Beauties" is not revived in these selections. For the most part, if not entirely, whole poems are printed, and the reader is not asked to estimate a poem as a man judges of a cloth from pieces snipped off as samples. A selection, moreover, so far from satiating the appetite for a particular poet, is likely to stimulate it, and it can never materially affect the sale of an author's complete works.

It is a joy surely even to those who possess all the volumes of a favourite poet to have in a pleasant and portable form the loveliest poetry he has produced. What wealth, for instance, a man may carry with him into the country who possesses Mr. Matthew Arnold's admirable selections from Wordsworth, or the two tiny and dainty-looking volumes of Wordsworth, "selected from the best editions," published by Messrs. Kent and Co. Wordsworth is, we think, the greatest poet of this century; but in some respects he is surpassed by the most illustrious of his contemporaries. He wants the passion and the wit of Byron, the music and weird-like imagination of Coleridge, the delicious harmony of Shelley, the wealth of colour and prodigality of fancy that distinguish Keats. Like Milton, he has no sense of humour, and this want makes him unconscious of his defects. But when all is said against Wordsworth that can be said, and when we have frankly acknowledged that he wrote too much for his fame, there remains to be placed on the other side some of the highest gifts ever owned by a poet: nobility of imagination, exquisite susceptibility of feeling, an insight into Nature that has never been surpassed, and a fund of poetical wisdom which gives to his volumes an exhaustless interest. But a poet with so marked a prosaic side is seen best in a selection, at least by those who do not know him; and readers who wish to see Wordsworth honoured, as he assuredly deserves to be, will thank Mr. Arnold for removing "a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him."

Other poets have submitted, and may submit, with advantage to the same treatment. Already a good service has been rendered to Shelley by two separate selections from his poetry, one of them having been made, or rather edited, by Mr. Garnett, while the other has been prepared by Mr. Stopford Brooke. There are selections of Mrs. Browning's poems and of Mr. Browning's. There is a selection of Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry, and a selection also from the poetry of Mr. Tennyson. The plan might be carried further with infinite advantage.

A well-known poet, in a letter to the writer of this paper, has expressed his belief that Southey will have his day again, and his wish that a selection might be made from his poetry. There is even stronger ground, perhaps, for editing a selection from Cowper, whose verse is on one page of the highest beauty, and on the next has nothing but metre to distinguish it from unimaginative prose.

In the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* appears a paper on George Crabbe, a poet beloved of Byron and Walter Scott, in which the writer expresses the wish that his volumes, now seldom opened, should be made to yield their choicest fruit for the benefit of readers who know this poet only by name. There are sterling qualities in Crabbe, who is, perhaps, among poets what Jan Steen is among painters; but he, more than any other English poet of worth,

favours the doubtful assertion of Emerson, that "the English Muse loves the farm-yard, the lane, and market. She says, with De Stael, 'I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes whenever they would force me into the clouds.'" A course of Crabbe can scarcely be called wholesome reading, so painfully and continuously does he paint the meanest and weakest side of human nature. He wrote too much, and almost always in the same strain; but there are scenes in his verse in their own style incomparable, and a selection from the poet who is termed by Byron,—

Nature's sternest painter, yet her best,

might be of good service at a time when there is a tendency among our younger poets to care more about sound than thought. Crabbe is as original a poet as Cowper. Both are poets of rural life; but Cowper, though a Calvinist in creed, looks more hopefully on human nature than Crabbe, and rises to a higher level. He was a fine humourist, which Crabbe is not, and loved to dwell on what is beautiful; while Crabbe was too fond of depicting what is foul. Both are true to Nature, but neither has the expansive truthfulness which distinguishes our greatest poets. The weak points in Cowper and Crabbe, their diffuseness, their want of breadth, their somewhat oppressive morality, render it almost imperative that the unquestonable worth of these poets should be displayed in judicious selections.

As in a well-furnished library the eye ranges over the long series of volumes that contain the works of English poets another reason occurs why many of them, if they are to retain their vitality, should be presented in selections. This age is not particularly prudish, but the plainness of a blunt age would not now be tolerated, and many of our earlier poets are, to say the least, entirely devoid of reticence. What, therefore, Mr. Palgrave has done so well for Herrick, must be done for many famous poets whose writings require to be Bowdlerised in order to make them fit for family reading. It is rare, indeed, that any real beauty of thought or language is lost by this process. What would Dryden lose by it, or Pope, or Prior? How much would Burns and Byron gain?

Happy the poets who, like Spenser and Milton, Scott and Wordsworth, Mr. Browning and Mr. Tennyson, have written no lines "which dying they would wish to blot." J. D.

**"MINE HOST" OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.**—Of all English tradesmen the one who is least like his former self in habit, manner, and attire is he who still persists in calling himself a licensed victualler, though in eleven instances in a dozen he no more makes good his claim to be so designated than though he were an upholsterer or a coachmaker. The tavern keeper of old was a genial man, who, while he so held himself that he was a man esteemed and respected by all who knew him, entertained his guests hospitably, and made a point of personally superintending those branches of his business that were most fruitful of comfort for his customers. If he sometimes affected a crochety pride in some certain particular feature of his establishment it was seldom of a kind but such as served his guests to laugh at, and to conform to it was but to promote a pleasant understanding. His house was your home for the time being, and while you remained with him, himself, his family, and his assistants were yours to command. His modern successor, as a rule, is a person of an entirely different stamp. The social responsibilities of his vocation sit with no more than a feather's weight on his shoulders. He has no idea of taking up a permanent abode, and cultivating the lasting good will of his friends and neighbours. He is simply a public-house speculator, and invests his money temporarily here and there in touch-and-go fashion, pretty much as a public entertainer hires a theatre or a concert-room for his performance. He is on the march to make a fortune, and the public-house he finds himself in to-day is only a halting-place that marks a stage of the journey. Bid him a tempting price, and he will "clear out" at a week's notice, and seek pastures new. Time was, says the "Compleat Tradesman," a smart little volume published more than a hundred years ago, "when the shop-keeper, whatever the commodities he dealt in, was proud to be known as what he was; and, in order that there might not be any mistake, he was never seen on week-days attired otherwise than the custom of his craft had sanctioned and rendered honourable." What is the "attire" that the custom of the craft has rendered honourable in the eyes of the modern publican? He, the owner of the gin-palace, is seldom seen in the active department of the business at all; and, when he does appear, he is spick and span from the hands of a fashionable tailor, with his tall hat on, and with rings on his fingers and patent leather on his toes, but nevertheless with a particularly sharp eye for the patent self-registering money-till which adorns the splendid bar.

**THE TOWER OF LONDON.**—Attention has been again attracted to the absurd restrictions and altogether unsatisfactory conditions under which the public are admitted to the Tower of London, by the complaint of "A Disappointed American." This gentleman, in a letter to *The Times*, tells how surprised and chagrined he was at being conducted over the building by a guide who dwelt eloquently on the artistic manner in which the guns, swords, bayonets, and other weapons were arranged upon the walls, but had little or nothing to say upon matters of historical interest connected with the venerable building and the invaluable relics which are stored therein. Other letters have since appeared in *The Times*, notably one from Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, from which it appears that the Tower itself is gradually being improved out of existence. Most of the old fortifications, the chambers of which, Mr. Ainsworth tells us, are full of curious and rich inscriptions, have long since been converted into private apartments. Other parts of the ancient building have been entirely cleared away, and that the work of demolition is still going on is evidenced by the testimony of another correspondent, who states that on a recent visit he found that the "Little Ease" cell, where Guy Fawkes was lodged, and another in which Sir Thomas More is said to have been confined, had been cut away to make passages. Complaints innumerable have from time to time been made respecting the treatment of the visitors on "Free Days," how after being kept waiting for hours huddled together at the gate, they are admitted in batches, and hurried around under the leadership of a "guide," who gabbles some unintelligible rubbish at certain points, and then rushes on, giving his hearers no time to admire, much less examine curiously, any of the historical treasures which he is supposed to exhibit. On pay days things are managed a little better, but only a little, and there are, be it known, "reserved sights," to which admission can be obtained, under the guardianship of a special warder, by writing to the Constable of the Tower. But why, we would deferentially inquire, should there be any reserved sights? And why any pay days? The Tower with its contents, is, if we mistake not, the property of the nation, and as such should be open without charge at all convenient times to the British public, as are the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other institutions of the kind; and visitors should not be subjected to any such vexatious hindrances as those to which they have hitherto been exposed, but be permitted to wander about the place according to their own inclination, loitering wherever anything may attract their attention. A few beefeaters or other attendants scattered about in the various parts of the building would be amply sufficient to preserve order and protect the treasures, valuable as they are, and a sixpenny or threepenny descriptive catalogue or guide book would be infinitely preferable to the unintelligible chatter of a half-educated "guide," and it might even be possible to adopt the suggestion made by "Scottus" in *The Times*, to provide in each room a number of framed handcards, containing a brief summary of the information necessary for the proper understanding of the things exhibited.



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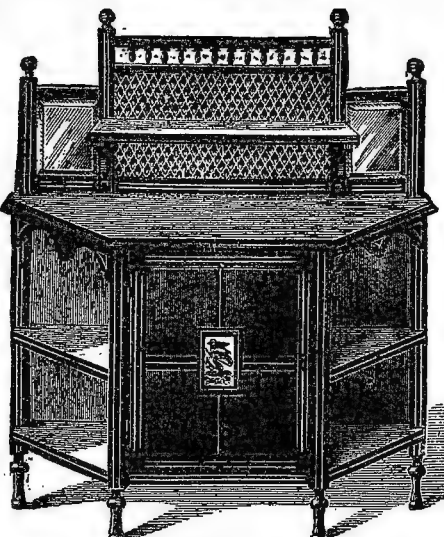
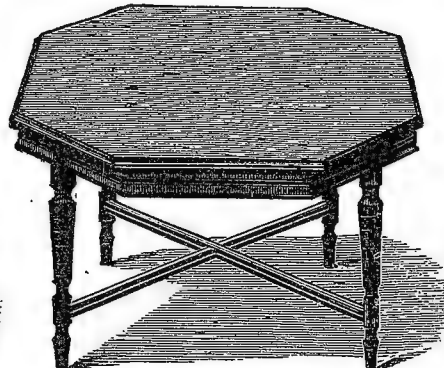
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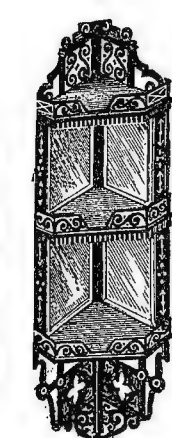
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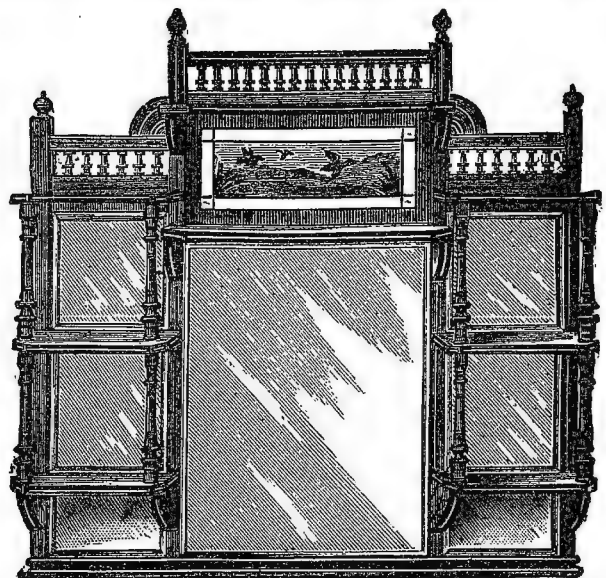


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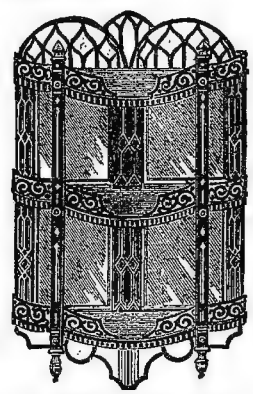
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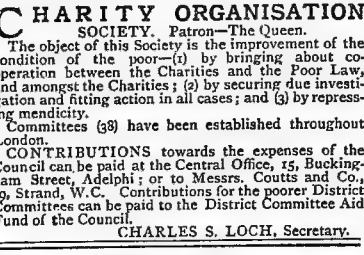
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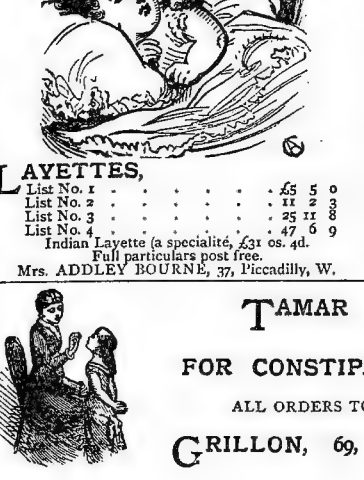
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CURTAINS, PICTURES, CLOCKS, BRONZES,  
TABLE LAMPS, ELECTRO PLATE, CUTLERY,  
DINNER, DESSERT, TEA and BREAKFAST  
SERVICES, TABLE GLASS, VASES, and every  
kind of artistic furnishing items arranged in separate  
show rooms, O. and L. Lane, having purchased largely  
during the recent depression, are enabled to offer  
these goods considerably below their real value.  
OETZMANN and CO.

**FURNISH THROUGHOUT.**

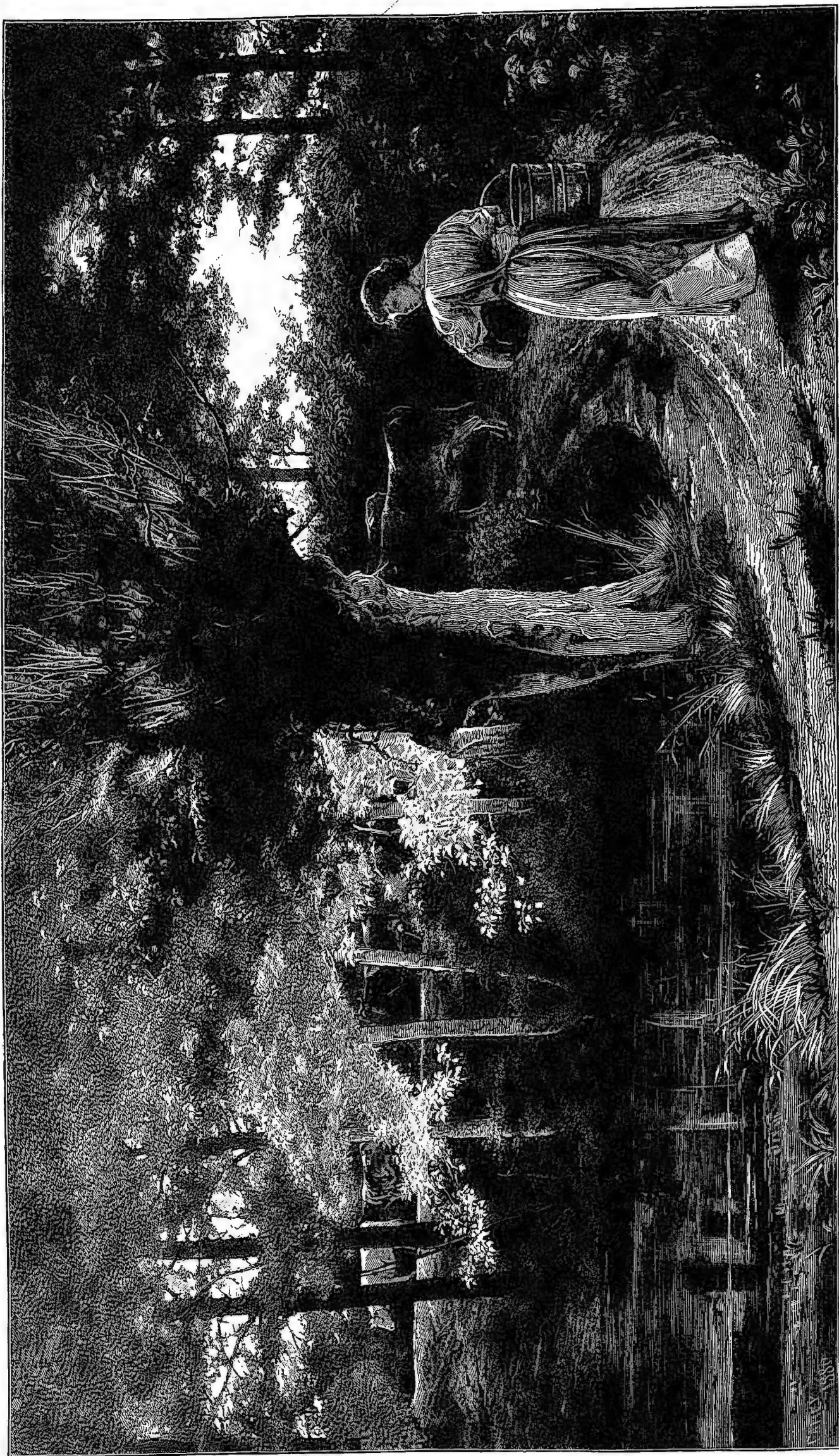
**OETZMANN & CO**  
(REGD.)  
**HAMPSTEAD ROAD,**  
**NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT**  
**ROAD.**

**FURNISH THROUGHOUT.**

OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, and 77,  
Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road, London, W.  
CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Fur-  
niture, Bronzes, China, Glass, Paper Hangings,  
Picture, and every other article of household require-  
ment for completely furnishing a house throughout.  
Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality.

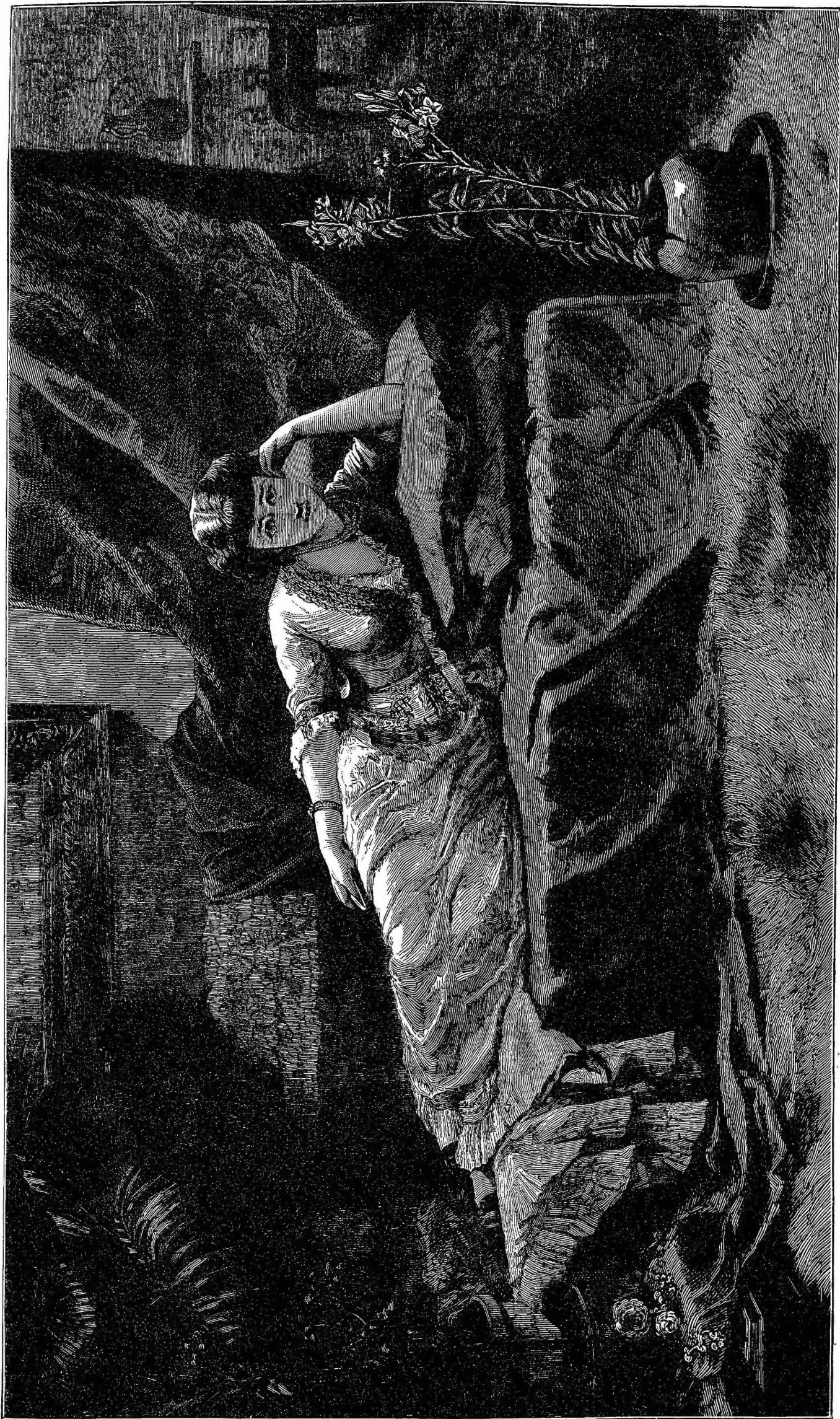
**SIDEBOARDS.—OETZMANN &**  
CO.—SIDEBOARDS.—Large and Handsome  
Mahogany or Oak Sideboard with high plate-glass back,  
price 15 guineas; or in Spanish Mahogany or Oak  
ditto, very handsome, 15 guineas; or in Spanish  
Mahogany or Oak ditto, handsomely carved and lofty,  
plate-glass back, made and finished in the best possible  
manner, price 35 guineas. A variety of Early English  
and other Designs in Spanish Mahogany or finest  
carved Oak, from 25





"I'M GOING A-MILKING"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY EDWARD H. FAHEY IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY





"REFLECTIONS"

"Yet the vague memory scarce forgot,"

Lingers deep down within the heart."

*Songs of Two Worlds.*

FROM THE PICTURE BY EMILY OSBORN IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY





"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES GREEN IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

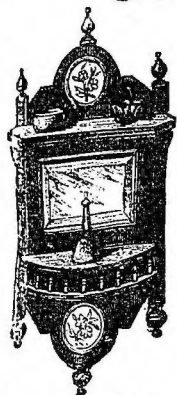


THE GRAPHIC

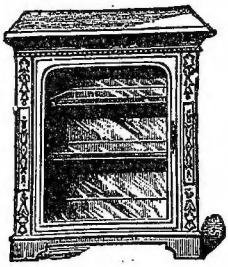
FURNISH THROUGHOUT  
(REGD.)

# OETZMANN & CO.,

67, 69, 71, 73, 77, & 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.  
CARPETS, FURNITURE, BEDDING, DRAPERY, FURNISHING IRONMONGERY, CHINA, GLASS, &c.

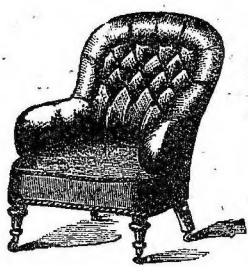


Black and Gold  
Decorated Bracket,  
with 2 shelves,  
lovelled edge glass back,  
12 in. wide by 2 ft. 7 in. high,  
£1 11s. 6d.



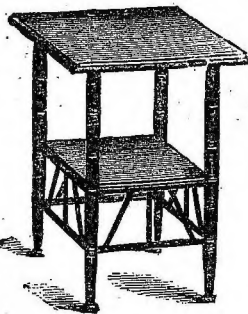
Walnut Cabinet.

Inlaid Marqueterie and Ormolu  
mounted, lined inside with  
Velvet.  
2 ft. 6 in. wide. £18 0  
3 ft. 6 in. wide, with 2  
doors. 3 7 6  
4 ft. wide, with 2 doors. 4 4 0



Eugenie  
Easy Chair.

Spring Seat, good castors,  
£1 4s. 6d.  
Superior ditto, stuffed all hair,  
£1 10s. 0d.



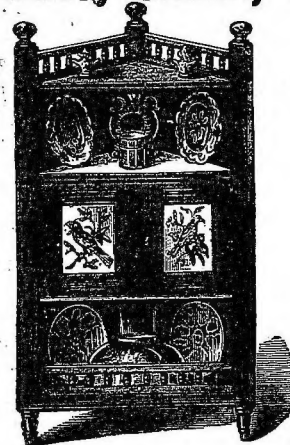
Walnut, Birch, or  
Ebonized Occasional  
Table, 15s. 9d.

Ebonized and Gold ditto, 18s. 9d.

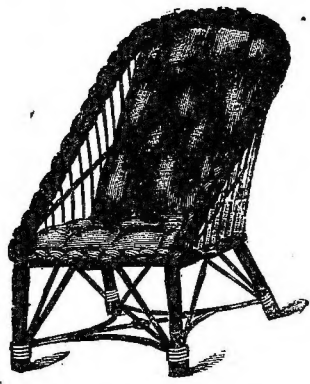


Ebonized Early English Tables.

2 ft. 0 in. £15 0  
2 ft. 6 in. 2 12 6  
2 ft. 9 in. 2 15 0  
3 ft. 0 in. 3 3 0



Early English Ebonized  
Corner Cabinet,  
Richly Decorated, £3 3s. 0d.



Wicker Chair, 10s. 6d.

Ebonizing, 3s. 6d. extra.  
Cushions for ditto, from 8s. 6d.

\*\* See Advertisement inside on page 76.

OETZMANN & CO., HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON. CATALOGUE POST FREE.

## ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

CAUTION.—In consequence  
of numerous inferior and  
low-priced substitutes  
being in the market (some-  
times accompanied by mis-  
leading chemical analyses)  
purchasers must insist on  
being supplied with the  
Company's Extract, which  
for fine flavour and perfect  
clearness is pronounced by  
all competent authorities  
to be the best.

\*\* In use in most households throughout the kingdom.  
N.B.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron  
Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

ASK for Liebig COMPANY'S Extract, and see that no  
other is substituted for it.  
*An invaluable and palatable tonic for Invalids.*

## ELLIS'S "ABSOLUTELY PURE." SEE ANALYSES—Sent Post Free on Application.



### RUTHIN

Soda, Potass, Seltzer,  
Lemonade, Aromatic  
Ginger Ale.

For GOUT, Lithia Water, and  
Lithia and Potass Water.

CORKS BRANDED "R. ELLIS & SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Name and  
Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and wholesale of  
R. ELLIS & SON, RUTHIN, NORTH WALES, Manufacturers to  
the Royal Family.

LONDON AGENTS: W. BEST & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.  
CAUTION.—Beware of spurious imitations, and insist on having ELLIS'S RUTHIN MINERAL  
WATERS. Sole Address:—R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales.

## KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.

Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878.

PURE, MILD, and MELLOW.  
DELICIOUS and MOST WHOLESOME.  
THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES.  
Dr. HASSALL says—"Soft and Mellow, Pure, well Matured,  
and of very Excellent Quality."

The Gold Medal Dublin Exhibition, 1865.  
20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

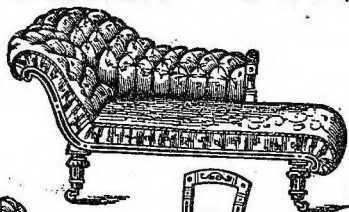
### SPECIAL NOTICE.

BEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND FOR GOOD, CHEAP FURNITURE.  
EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS BY STEAM POWER AND MACHINERY.  
ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.

## LAVERTON & CO.'S CELEBRATED UNIVERSAL CHALLENGE 10-GUINEA SUITES.

SUITABLE FOR SHIPPING,

Other pattern suites  
equally  
cheap and good.



12 GUINEAS.

Selling everywhere and  
giving  
greatest satisfaction.



OAK, OR WALNUT WOOD.

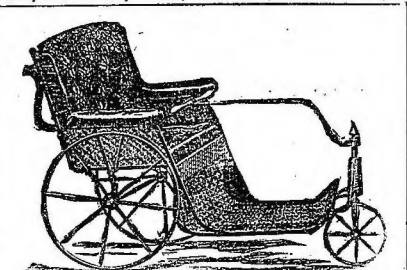
Unsurpassed at 10 GUINEAS each.  
The whole well Spring Stuffed with best Coppered Springs, covered in good Cretonne,  
Damask, or best Leather Cloth, nicely trimmed with Silk Gimp or Gilt Nails, comprising  
1 Couch, 6 Chairs, and 2 Easy Chairs. Every article guaranteed strong, well-made, and durable.  
An inspection earnestly solicited. Such goods never offered before at the price by any  
house in the Kingdom. Large Illustrated Catalogues for 12 Stamps.

SAMPLES OF COVERINGS FOR SELECTION SENT FREE BY POST.  
Address—STEAM CABINET WORKS, Mary-le-Port St.,  
AND BRIDGE STREET, BRISTOL.

## IMPERIAL VELVETEEN



TRADE MARK.  
No. 99, Wellington, Somerset. No Agents.  
Carriage paid to any Railway Station in England or Scot-  
land, and to Cork, Dublin, and Belfast, on orders over 40s.



## BATH CHAIRS

in WICKER, from £1 15s.  
IRON BATH CHAIRS for Hot Climates  
and all kinds of Invalid Carriages.

Catalogues post free.

Address Mr. A. H. CARTER, 6a, New  
Cavendish Street, Portland Place, W.

IRISH EMBROIDERY HANDWORK  
BY IRISH PEASANTRY.—Ladies save 3d. to  
6d. a yard Trimming Underclothing, &c., by asking  
R. MCCARTHY, Manufacturer, Hillsboro, Ireland,  
for Patterns, post free; also Cambric Handkerchiefs  
unequaled. Over thirty years' experience.

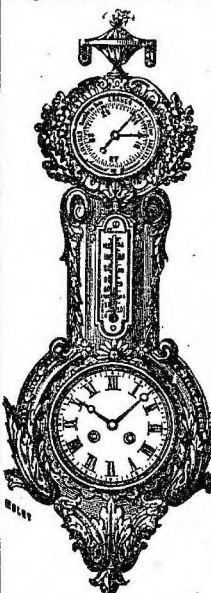
## Goddard's Plate Powder

FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER  
OF A CENTURY this powder has sustained an  
unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom  
and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST article for  
Cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate.

Sold in boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by  
Chemists, Ironmongers, &c. Manufactured by  
J. GODDARD, Station Street, Leicester.

## THE NEW REGISTERED CLOCK BAROMETER

Height 27 inches—Width 10 inches.



Indispensable in every  
House, and undamag-  
able by heat or damp.  
PRICE (securely packed),  
£3 3s.

The CASE is Metal  
bronzed (the design being  
beautifully brought out),  
and forms a striking orna-  
ment for the dining room  
hall, library, counting-  
house, &c.

The CLOCK goes 12  
days, striking hours in  
full, and one at each half-  
hour, and is a sound move-  
ment, keeping accurate  
time. It has white enamel  
dial and crystal glass.

The BAR METER is  
Aneroid, of a kind which,  
from its convenient size,  
precision, and non-liability  
to injury, has come into  
such universal require-  
ment.

THE THERMOME-  
TER is graduated to both  
the Fahrenheit and Reau-  
mur scales.

THE NEW REGIS-  
TERED CLOCK BAR-  
OMETER is also made  
same in all respects as  
above, but with a cylinder  
movement, of superior  
quality, jewelled in six  
actions, going and striking  
equally well in any position, so as to be suitable for  
TRAVELLING and SHIP'S USE, as well as for all  
the above purposes.

PRICE (securely packed) £4 4s.  
Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of Novelties in  
Clocks and Aneroids sent free on application.  
J. J. WAINWRIGHT and CO.,  
CAMBRIDGE STREET BUILDINGS,  
BIRMINGHAM.

## IRISH LINENS

AND CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS  
JAMES LINDSAY & CO.

(LIMITED),  
BLEACHERS, MANUFACTURERS, AND MERCHANTS  
BELFAST.

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

will forward to any Railway Station, carriage paid on parcels of £5 and upwards in value,  
DAMASK TABLE LINENS, DIAPERS, SHEETINGS, PILLOW LINENS,  
SHIRTINGS, TOWELLINGS, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S CAMBRIC  
HANDKERCHIEFS, Bordered and Hem-stitched, Plain and Embroidered,  
in White and Coloured, the production of their own Looms, at Wholesale Prices.

PRICE LISTS AND PATTERNS POST FREE.  
JAMES LINDSAY & COMPANY (Limited), BELFAST.

## MAPPIN & WEBB.

STERLING  
SILVER.

ELECTRO  
SILVER.

FINE  
CUTLERY.

20,000  
PRESENTS.

Illustrated Cata-  
logues Free.



OXFORD STREET (76, 77, & 78), W., &  
MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY. } LONDON.  
MANUFACTORY—SHEFFIELD.

## ROYAL DEVONSHIRE SERGE

"ON SALE ALL THE YEAR ROUND."  
SPEARMAN and SPEARMAN (Plymouth) devote their atten-  
tion to the production of pure Wool Materials for Ladies' and  
Gentlemen's wear, and warn the public to BEWARE of imitations of  
their Royal Devonshire Serge, which is declared by the QUEEN to  
have NO RIVAL EITHER IN APPEARANCE OR UTILITY.

New Colours and Mixtures for the Present Season. Prices, for  
Ladies' wear, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., and 2s. 9d. per yard; for  
Gentlemen's Suits and Boys' hard wear (new patterns), from 2s. 11d.  
per yard, 54 in. in width. Any length cut. Carriage paid to  
London, Dublin, Belfast, or Glasgow. Patterns post free. State  
whether for Ladies' or Gentlemen's wear.

AS SOLD BY SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, Serge Factors, Plymouth.

## BLACK SILK IRISH POPLINS.

O'REILLY, DUNNE, & CO.,

ROYAL POPLIN FACTORY, 30, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN,

Call Special Attention to their

NEW MAKE OF BLACK SILK IRISH POPLINS.

Patterns Post Free and Parcels Carriage Paid.

N.B.—Their Coloured Poplins will include ALL NEW SHADES for the  
approaching Season.

## WORTH et CIE.,

Anatomical Corsetiers to the Courts of Europe, the  
Aristocracy, and the Dramatic Profession.  
"When Nature fails, then Art steps in."



The JERSEY COR-  
SET, a specialty of this  
house, and recommended by  
The Queen as admirably  
adapted for the present style  
of dress and for ordinary use.

CORSETS (patented) made  
for all figures, also for embon-  
point, deformities, curvature,  
and spinal complaints.

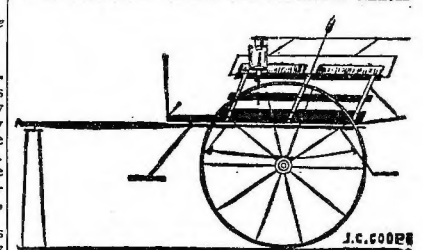
Surgical and other Corsets  
specially for gentlemen. Every  
Corset made from measure-  
ment and fitted before com-  
pletion under the supervision  
of experienced French cor-  
setiers. Instructions for  
Country Orders and Self-  
Measurement on application to  
N.B.—NO Agents are appointed, and Corsets manu-  
factured by Worth et Cie can only be obtained in  
England at the above address.

WORTH et CIE., 4, Hanover St., Regent St. W.,  
N.B.—NO Agents are appointed, and Corsets manu-  
factured by Worth et Cie can only be obtained in  
England at the above address.

## CHARMING CRAYON POR- TRAITS.

—Send Photo and 10s. 6d. to A. and  
J. BOOL, Artists (from Royal Academy, National  
Medallist), 86, Warwick Street, Pimlico, London, who  
will return photo with faithful Crayon Drawing from it,  
15 by 10 post free, home or abroad. 100 testimonials.  
Tinted Crayons, 21s. Water-colour, 21s.; oil, two  
guineas. LIFE size highly finished Crayon, £5 5s.

## THE MOST USEFUL CARTS ARE



JOLLY and SON'S

Norfolk Game or Baggage Carts,

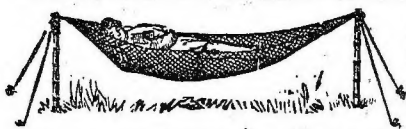
Movable panels for winter use; partridge gallows, hare  
boxes, gun case, racks, ammunition and lunch boxes.  
To suit any sized horse; quite the country gentleman's  
Carriage.

Send for price and full particulars.

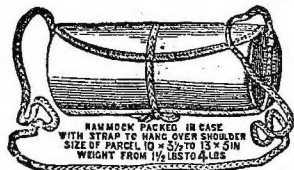
Victoria Carriage and Harness Works,  
NORWICH.

DR. RICHARDSON writes in "Good  
Words," page 383: "On the whole I think the  
Chimney Cowl called the 'Empress,' made by Messrs.  
Ewart and Son of the Euston Road, is the best for pre-  
venting down draught in the Chimney Shaft."





Weights, adult size, from 1½ lb. (pocketable), bears the weight of three or four persons, if required, and is fixed to a couple of trees, garden railings, or other supports, in a minute.



"We can add our testimony to their extreme comfort and convenience FOR PERSONS CAMPING out or engaged in voyages by land or sea. They are very portable and very light and strong, and can be easily fixed in a room or out of doors. THEY WERE USED ON BOARD THE 'SERAPIS' BY THE ROYAL SUITE, AND GAVE THE GREATEST SATISFACTION." Prices, including Neat Leather Cloth Satchel, 2 ropes, each 10 feet long, 2 self-screwing hooks requiring no gimlet; and large Illustrated Sheet of Directions. No. 1, 10s. 6d.; No. 2, 12s.; No. 3, 15s.; No. 5, 13s.; No. 6, 21s. &c. No. 40, Silk, 63s.; No. 50, Silk, 105s. Slinging Apparatus (including Spreaders) replacing trees; in canvas bag, 7s. 6d. and 9s. Spreaders only, 1s. per pair.

London Wholesale Agents: Messrs. J. and T. BAYLEY, 1, Cousin Lane, E.C.

Sole Makers: SEYDEL and CO., 7½, St. Mary's Row, Birmingham.

Retailed by the leading Outfitters, Fancy Warehouses, Hosiers, Tent and Garden Furniture Dealers, India Rubber Warehouses, Fishing Tackle Dealers, &c., &c., or, in absence of Retailers, by the Makers or London Agents. [In ordering please name Advertisement seen].

## A LOUNGE IN THE ASHANTEE HAMMOCK

On a genial Summer's Day affords the most luxurious and refreshing repose obtainable.

THE ASHANTEE HAMMOCK (Registered) obtained GOLD MEDAL FOR EXCELLENCE

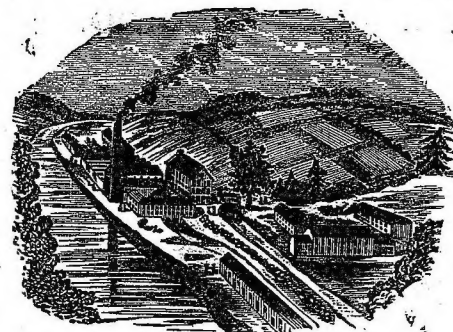
at International Horticultural Exhibition at Oporto, Portugal, July, 1877.

Dr. Russell, Special Times Correspondent, accompanying H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his Indian Journey, says:—



ON LEAD LABEL VISIBLE ON OPENING THE SATCHEL.

## “OLD BLEACH” LINEN'S.



FACTORY AND BLEACH GREEN, AT RANDALSTOWN.

Or their Agents.—W. T. BURNS, Knaresborough; and BURNS & SPEER, 8, Bow Churchyard, London

BIRDS'EYE DIAPERS, NURSERY DIAPERS, TOWELS AND TOWELLINGS IN HUCKABACK and Fancy Patterns of all Descriptions.

These Goods have the durable characteristics of the old Home-Spun Linens of the last generation. The ruinous system (now universal) of overbleaching by chemicals is avoided, while the natural strength and lustre of the flax fibre is retained.

Let those who buy test the strength of these Goods by endeavouring to tear them, and they will have some idea of their wearing qualities. No Goods are Guaranteed unless stamped with the Registered Trade Mark, “OLD BLEACH.” Can be had by the public from all First-Class Drapers.

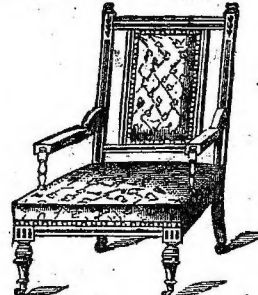
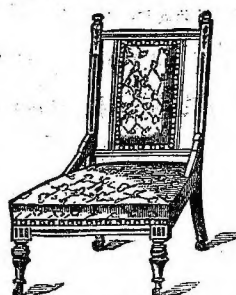
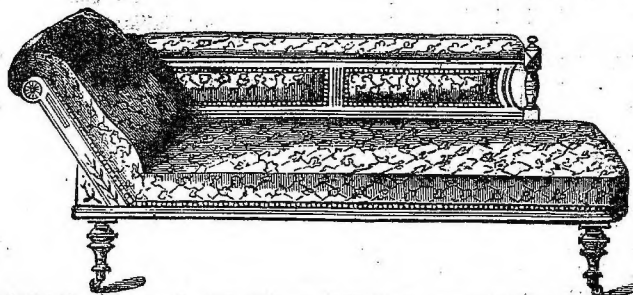
May be had (by the Trade only) from the OLD BLEACH LINEN COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS AND BLEACHERS, RANDALSTOWN, IRELAND.

## G. BARTHOLOMEW AND CO., FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

CLOSE TO MOORGATE STREET RAILWAY STATION.

FURNITURE OF GOOD MAKE AND DESIGN AT VERY MODERATE COST.

BED ROOM SUITES IN PINE from 9 Guineas.



FURNITURE OF GOOD MAKE AND DESIGN AT VERY MODERATE COST.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE BY POST.

DRAWING ROOM SUITE, Covered with Stamped Velvet, comprising 6 Chairs, Lounge and Pair Easy Chairs, packed and delivered free on receipt of Remittance, 17 GUINEAS.

## BROOK'S SEWING COTTONS



BROOK'S EMBROIDERY COTTON.  
BROOK'S CROCHET AND TATTING COTTON.



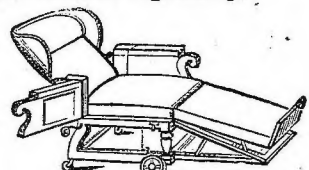
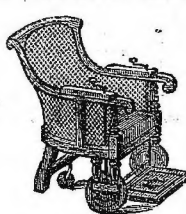
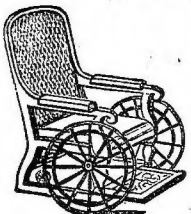
BROOK'S PATENT GLAZE THREAD.  
BROOK'S SIX-CORD SOFT COTTON.

OF ALL DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD LIST OF AWARDS.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.  
Only Prize Medal, London, 1881.  
Only First Class Prize Medal, Paris, 1885.  
Prize Medal, London, 1882.  
Gold Medal, Paris, 1887.

The only Diploma of Honour, Vienna, 1873.  
Gold Medal, South Africa, 1887.  
Medal and Award, Philadelphia, 1876, for Variety and General Excellence of the Crochet, Embroidery and Sewing Cotton.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT AND BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA & Co. JOHN WARD 246 and 247, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON. (LATE OF SAVILLE HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE).



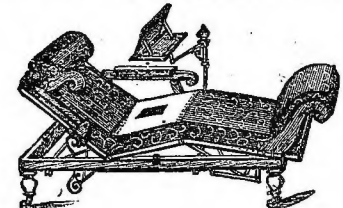
No. 11.

No. 11 is Ward's Improved Recumbent Chair, with double rising leg rest and shifting elbows, to enable an invalid to be shifted on and off. This chair is pronounced the most luxurious and perfect Chair made.



No. 19.

No. 19.—Ward's Victoria Three-wheel Bath Chair, with leather head German shutter and patent spring front iron, to which shafts for a pony may be attached.



No. 10.

No. 10 is Ward's General Invalid Couch, made with or without a convenience; it adjusts the back, seat, and legs to any given position, by means of machinery; and is recommended by the Faculty as being the most complete Bed ever made for confirmed invalids or for fractured limbs.

PRIZE MEDALS—London, 1851 & 1862; Paris, 1855, 1867, & 1878 (3 Medals).

PRIZE MEDALS—Vienna, 1873 (2 Medals); Dublin, 1865.

The Largest Assortment in the World of Invalid Chairs for Sale or Hire. ESTABLISHED MORE THAN A CENTURY.

## PERRY & CO.'S LATEST NOVELTY. THE STYLOIDOGRAPHIC PEN.

Price



10s. 6d. each.

This is a clean and neat little writing instrument, which, when used with Perry & Co.'s Aniline Ink, may be more correctly called a Permanent Fluid Ink Pencil for the Desk or Pocket, and in which is combined the convenience of the lead pencil and the security of the pen and ink.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS. Wholesale at 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

CAUTION: ONLY ADDRESS—ROWLAND WARD & CO., ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY GALLERIES, 166, PICCADILLY (FACING BOND STREET).

CAUTION.—Our Mr. ROWLAND WARD is the only member of the long unbroken and experienced WARD family now left in the profession. SPORTSMAN'S HANDBOOK. Just ready. 3s. 6d.; post free, 3s. 9d.

NOVELTY IN LADIES' GLOVES.



HILDER & GODBOLD'S PATENT JERSEY GLOVE. NO BUTTONS. Price, in Black Silk: FIRST QUALITY, 2s.; BEST, 3s. POST FREE. Ladies should write for our Illustrated Fashion Book and Catalogue, post free. ADDRESS: SIDNEY PLACE, near PICCADILLY, W.

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